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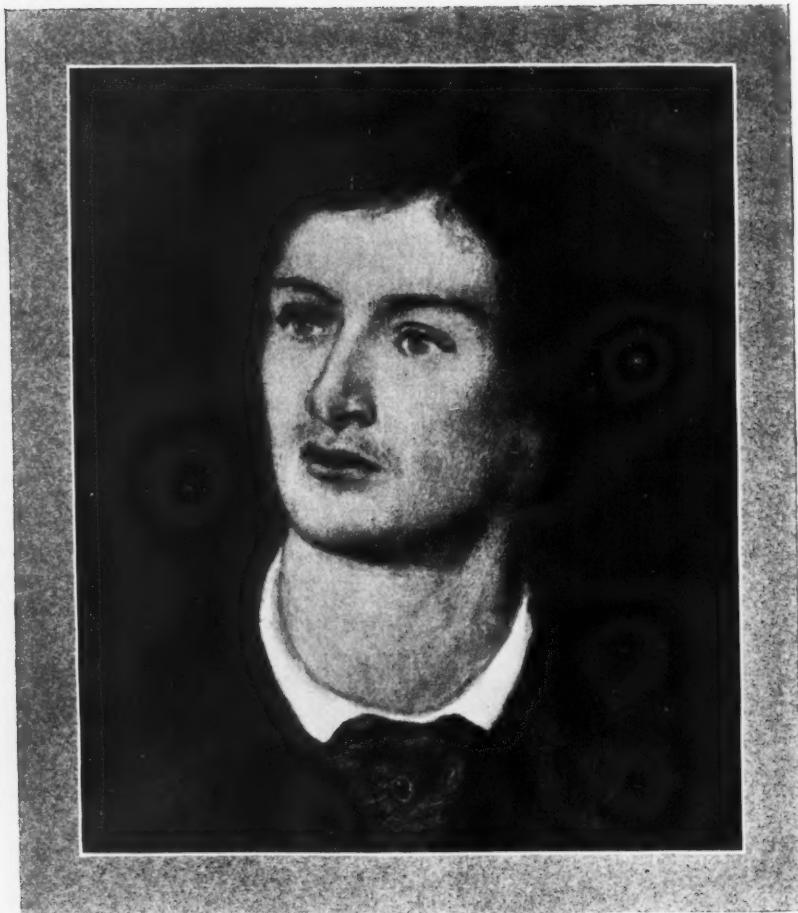
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Algernon Charles Swinburne

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

From the Portrait by D. G. Rossetti, 1861.

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VOL. XVII

MAY, 1901

No. 1

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

AN APPRECIATION.

By Joanna E. Wood.

AT this time (January, 1901), when the symbol of the new century recalls to us all that we have lost in the passing of the old; when with a curious and keen pang of severance we find ourselves belonging to another century than the one whose years were filled with the music of great poets and the eloquence of splendid prose; when we realize that the Old Year, which we dared to pity as it passed, led away from us captive the century in which Shelley sang, and Wordsworth wrote and Victor Hugo wrought and suffered, we turn to estimate what treasures we still have with us, to find what fragment of its glory the old century has spared to deck the temple of the new; and the first name which comes to us to link the splendour of the past with the promise of the present is that of Algernon Charles

Swinburne, the greatest of living poets.

Algernon Charles Swinburne is the son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and the Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. His paternal grandfather was Sir John Edward Swinburne, Baronet. Born in London, the poet has yet come into his birthright as a Borderer, for the Northumberland stock is strong and its types tenacious; Borderers are born fighters, and so is the poet; fighters and dreamers,—or shall we say prophets? Northumbrian people still have the spiritual eye which sees visions, and there still survives in them the fighting blood of the great lady, who, when the larder grew bare, served up to her husband a pair of spurs in a "lordly dish" as a gentle intimation that he had better saddle and ride "over the Border" to take toll of



MR. SWINBURNE

From a recent Photo by Elliott & Fry,
London

Scotch flocks and herds. And is it not written that one of their neighbours "over the Border," wept as he passed a fine pea-stack on English ground, lamenting that it had not four legs and would not "lift."

As a child the poet was extraordinarily precocious, and judging from a water-colour by Richmond, very beautiful, having the wonderful red hair which is a heritage of a certain branch of his family. At the age when children are playing marbles—even before they are old enough to play well—Swinburne was taking Shakespeare to bed with him; he began betimes, indeed, to study Elizabethan literature—the literature of the most beneficent period of all time—of which in later years he became such a profound student.

Moreover, as a child, he had that gift, very rare indeed among young people—the gift of humour. A child of wit is a prodigy, for usually we do not appreciate life's jests till we have experienced its crosses.

His boyhood had as home the Isle of Wight, where was nourished (not begotten, for it was born in him ere his own birth) a love of the sea. Swinburne knows and loves the sea in many ways: as a lusty swimmer triumphant—conscious of delight in another element more intimate and wonderful than earth or air; as an old dog of a sea captain who all his days has chanced its tempests, and to whom withal it has been tender; as a worshipper of the fair Aphrodite, who was "the deep seas' daughter"; as a painter, casting aside his palette in despair of its elusive hues; as a mystic, to whom its waves typify the "from everlasting to everlasting" of the human soul; as a patriot, to whom the sea signifies the imperial greatness of his country; as a disciple of Liberty, to whom the unconquered and unconquerable ocean is the type and emblem of freedom. In all these ways—and in others too subtly intimate for our apprehension—does Mr. Swinburne know and love the sea, and of this knowledge has been begotten his incom-

parable verses in praise of "that Old Mother the Sea." One can readily understand how and why it is that swimming is the poet's greatest amusement. Another pastime of Mr. Swinburne's is cliff-climbing, a dangerous exercise in which he excels, having scaled cliffs too formidable even for the climbing of the sailors who dwelt on the shingle in their shadow. It is pleasant to be able to say definitely where Mr. Swinburne was educated—it has been insisted upon by so many paragraphers that he was educated abroad, a fallacy begotten possibly of the fact that from the days when, at Eton, he got the prize for both French and Italian, the same "half," he has been quite at home in them.

He went to a tutor in the Isle of Wight in 1847-48 (when he was between ten and eleven); the next year he went to Eton, and to Oxford in 1856. He never left England till after he left Eton, and his first visit abroad was to Germany with an uncle before he went to Oxford. His first visit to Italy was in 1860-61, and all the Italian he knew till he went to Eton (and he could read *Ariosto* then) was taught him by his mother, the Lady Jane Swinburne. This does not seem much like the "foreign bringing up" which has been insisted upon!

He had a very lonely life at school—but solitude has ever been the nurse of genius. He cared nothing for the ordinary games and pursuits of boys, and was in consequence much bullied. He had one great friend at Eton, but the friend died. Swinburne felt his death keenly.

An amusing instance of Mr. Swinburne's peculiarly winning personality, even as a boy, is his conquest of Dr. Hawtrey, the Headmaster at Eton. Dr. Hawtrey entered upon the boy's education with many worthy aphorisms; he was not to devote himself so much to poetry, etc., etc. The interview beginning thus, ended in the complete conversion of the professor, and the arrangement that the boy was to have whatever of the old English dramatists he wanted from Dr. Hawtrey's own library.

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Mr. Swinburne retains still that joyous perception of the "little things" of life's busy day which constitutes true humour. Nothing more amuses this profound student and thinker, this brilliant writer, than to fall upon an old-fashioned child's book and drag forth its moral so convincingly set out by the contrast between the Good Children

matters of literary criticism; and, as is clearly shown in Mr. Swinburne's *Recollections of Professor Jowett*, the judgment of the scholar often arrived at conclusions to which the politeness of the pupil did not permit expression. After leaving Oxford there came a time of travel.

Mr. Swinburne visited France, and



MR. SWINBURNE—FROM ANOTHER PHOTO BY
ELLIOTT & FRY

who were Honours to their Fond Parents and the Bad Children who Sorely Grieved Them.

Mr. Swinburne's college at Oxford was Balliol. The master was the famous Jowett. Whatever influence that brilliant man had upon his far more brilliant pupil, at least he did not superimpose his judgment upon him in

was for a time in Florence with Landor. Perhaps the best memento we have of his younger days is (always excepting his own imperishable work) his portrait by his friend Rossetti. Rossetti began to draw his leonine head the first time he met him, and it must have been a wonderful thing to the poet-painter to find in the flesh this head,

Not a child.

"Not a child: I call myself a boy."

*Says my King, with accent stern yet mild,
Now nine years have brought him change of joy:*

"Not a child"

*How could reason be so far beguiled,
Ere so far from son's safe employ,
Stray so wide of truth, or run so wild?*

Seeing his face bent over book or toy,

*"Child" I called him, smiling: but he smiled
Back, as one too high for vain annoy—*

Not a child

"Not a child? aock the year!

*What should ail an undefiled
Heart, that he would fain appear*

Not a child?

Men, with years & memories piled

Each on other, far & near,

Fair again would so be styled:

Fair would cast off hope & fear,

Rest, forget, be reconciled:

Why would you so fair be, dear,

Not a child?



EAST DENE, ISLE OF WIGHT—WHERE SWINBURNE'S BOYHOOD WAS SPENT

the type and image of poetic beauty.

It is to be conjectured confidently that the poet's greatest love is for little children ; some of his most noble verse has been dedicated to their praise ; by his inspired vision he sees the potential god-head on a baby's brow, and nobly has he celebrated it. In his *Herse*, for example, there is more than love,—there is reverence ; and in the final line, “*O, child, what news from heaven?*” there is an inimitable touch of sincerity. Perhaps no more perfect translation was ever penned than Swinburne's rendering of Victor Hugo's verses, entitled *The Children of the Poor*—and I know as a matter of fact that his translation of them was as spontaneous as though he were voicing the inspiration of his own brain. For once the translator glorified the original.

Mrs. Browning says—in rather futile fashion—“Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their worth,” but to hear Mr. Swinburne read his own verse is indeed a rich experience—so fully do his sonorous tunes fulfil the promise of the pregnant syllables. It may be said that his fertility of invention never fails him in respect of new forms of verse, and the perfection of

his *technique* in even the most involved metres is a delight to all lovers of beautiful cadences.

He has been particularly happy in his rendition of old forms. In the *Masque of Queen Bersabe* we have a mystery-play pure and simple. In *The Bloody Son* (Finnish) and *May Janet* (Breton) and *The King's Daughter* we have verse and form, and what the Scotch call “*owercome*,” which might well match *Sir Patrick Spens* and *Chevy Chase*.

From the same spring of poesy we have *Provençal Burdens*, and *Imitations* (glorified in the counterfeit) of Théophile Gautier, translations of Villon, Victor Hugo, and Baudelaire.

There is in Mr. Swinburne's verse an originality which keeps it from becoming hackneyed, even after endless repetitions. How many times have we read *The Forsaken Garden*? Does that “*coign of the cliff*” ever become commonplace? Does *Itylus*, or *Ex Voto* or the splendid *Ave atque Vale*? Who ever carelessly repeated *At Parting*? Has the melancholy music of *Tristram and Iseult* ever grown stale? Or the magical chorus in *Atalanta in Calydon* ever lost its potent spell?

In 1860 the *Queen Mother* and *Rosamond* were published; that the actual merit of these dramas has perhaps not been adequately acknowledged is, doubtless, due to the great output which has come from the poet who at twenty-three penned their Shakespearian stanzas.

In 1865 was published *Atalanta in Calydon*, and then it became a certainty that a great poet was with us; its verse had colour, dignity and matchless music—moreover no one but a scholar could have written it.

Mr. Swinburne, like all other men of imagination and intellect, was enthralled by the character and history of Mary, Queen of Scots. From him we have first *Chastellard*, then *Bothwell*, and *Mary Stuart* in 1881. Possibly no other poet has so fully entered into the peculiarly complex character of Mary. The present writer, a Scot, and a lover of romance, born therefore with a *brevi* for Mary Stuart, can find no fault with the verdict which declares her tainted with the characteristic crimes of her time, but pre-eminently endowed with its virtues. That Mr. Swinburne could project his masculine intelligence through the intricate subtleties of Mary Stuart's essentially feminine, yet peculiarly forceful, character, means that he has accomplished the all but impossible.

In 1866 was published *Poems and Ballads*, and in its stormy wake a new epoch in English literature dawned. We all know the hurricane of criticism which this book evoked—we all know how, finally, the poet rose in his wrath, and in his *Notes on Poems and Reviews*, one of the most splendid pieces of

scornful satire extant, shook himself free of his critics. If wounded, no one saw his wounds bleed, nor was there any scar.

That we may not paint the beauty of the flesh in words when every day it is painted in pigments is one of those contradictory propositions which, to use a Scotch expression, "rouse the *birse*" of every artist who employs a pen instead of a brush. The anæmic art which affects to despise the body is essentially false and worm-eaten. To despise the bodily life as apart from the spiritual and mental is as

who should despise the very precious vessel which contains the elixir of life; of bodily needs and passions is twisted that "silver cord" which binds body and soul together—let him who would ignore it beware, for if the "golden bowl" of the body be broken, the "silver cord" of its needs and longings loosed, our day's work is ended. Well! the chisel no longer usurps the right to confer immortality upon mortal beauty!

Sir Edwin Arnold is not the only reader who sees in the *Anactoria* the charm of something inachieveable, the ghost of poetry's perfection; nor is he the only Greek scholar who longs that to Mr. Swinburne's judgment he handed over those Sapphic manuscripts which in 1866 were discovered among the *papyri* of Fayoum in Egypt. Mr. Swinburne alone among living men might translate their lyric cry. *Erechtheus* was published in 1876, but before this the author had, in communion with Mazzini, consecrated his muse to freedom. Of this spiritual union was begotten *Songs before Sunrise*, lyrics



ADMIRAL CHARLES HENRY SWINBURNE,
SECOND SON OF SIR JOHN EDWARD
SWINBURNE, BART.

deeply poetical in sense as in expression. Then came the second series of *Poems and Ballads*, in which are included some of the best known of his poems. This is not the place to list Mr. Swinburne's works.

What he has written he has always written well and in certain cases with unsurpassable perfection—and his has been a busy pen. His tributes to the genius of Victor Hugo confer a second immortality upon the great Frenchman and show us that beautifully appreciative side of Mr. Swinburne's genius which is ever ready to give merit its measure of praise—and this leads to Mr. Swinburne's prose work.

Had there been no Swinburne the poet, Swinburne the critic would have been famous, and—better—great. Unquestionably a man of strong personal predilections in matters of literature, Mr. Swinburne's pronouncements are correspondingly decided—he neither "damns with faint praise" nor sanctifies with apologetic blame. His yea is yea, and his nay, nay, indeed, in matters concerning the literary conscience. To all students of Shakespeare he has done a great service in his *A Study of Shakespeare*, the concluding paragraph of which is an example of that taste

which is evident only in the best examples of the best literature.

To return for a moment to Mr. Swinburne's drama.

The present writer desires to express a strong personal admiration for that work of Mr. Swinburne's mature muse, *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*. We all know the story of this Rose of the world; many of us know its parallel as related by Herodotus—the story of the wife of King Candaules and Gyges, his friend. The dry bones of these stories have been part of the world's knowledge for centuries. It remained for Mr. Swinburne to clothe them about with flesh, and breathe into them again that passionate life which had been theirs. How well he has done it! With what strength! With what eloquent reserves! What a tragedy

of meaning is there beneath every phrase! Here a *double entendre* has the potentiality of a Delphic utterance. Yet how little the strenuous tide of feeling troubles the surface. There are few verbal allurements in this tale, and no hint of preciousity. It is a stern tale of stern times, times when the man nearest the throne was the man who had fought best to uphold it. The monarch was addressed



LADY JANE HENRIETTA SWINBURNE—AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE

briefly, as became the mutations of the times, without prefix—"King" or "Queen"—say Narsetes, Almachildes, and Hildegard. But, oh, how pregnant with life's most tragic meaning is this brief speech of theirs. I venture to say—nay, this I say boldly—that in all the range of English drama there are no figures who more fully, if, indeed, as fully, realize themselves than do the "persons represented" in this tragedy. No lyric garlands bedeck the tragic palace of poesy wherein these people plot and counter-plot. Its aisles are devoid of extraneous ornament, as is the speech of those who dwelt therein; but how splendid is the plan, how coherent the structure! How infinitely suited to the uses of each is the austere style of the poem, the restrained speech of the personages! What extraordinary meaning is infused into the utterance of Rosamund, that one line, spoken after she has pledged her lord, the King, from the cup made of her father's skull, epitomizes the whole meaning of the tragedy, its whole shuddering:

"Rosamund. No.

Thou hast no enemy left on earth alive—
No soul unstain that hates thee."

Alas! Her soul was indeed slain, but yet incarnate. In contrast to the Queen, who, in her anguish and despair and fearful resolution, is indeed awful, we have Hildegard wearing, as her lover, Almachildes, says:

"No crown but heaven's about her head—
No gold that was not born upon her brows"—

and where shall we find a maid at once so maidenly and so tender? Or a more perfect lover than Almachildes? It is useless to go on. Each of the few characters is perfectly individualized and most subtly conceived, and the verses ring like steel on steel—"thrice-retempered iron" indeed.

How versatile is the genius, which, fathering this drama of steel and poi-

on, begot also the *Tale of Balen*: the story of those Northumbrian brethren, Balen and Balan, fated to slay each other, and achieving their fate through the snare of a false knight! About the *Tale of Balen* hang the witchery of the Northumbrian wilds, all the glamour of the days of knighthood, all the sad fatefulness of mournful prophecy. This poem is dedicated to the poet's mother, the Lady Jane Swinburne—a clever and beautiful and good woman, whose influence, as a star's travelling light outlives its star, has outlived her mortal life.

I have said that Swinburne is of fighting stock—and he does not belie his birthright. He has left it to lesser singers to play the traitor to Britain during her time of trial in South Africa. The "trumpet of his prophecy" has upheld the hearts at home, and the clarion cry of his verse, "Strike, England, and strike home!" has rung in many ears to the accompaniment of bursting shells and screaming bullets. Right nobly and boldly has he hymned the might and right of Britain—does not a poet, like a soldier, owe his first allegiance to the Motherland? Not all the writers in Britain were so loyal, nor did they hesitate to defame their nobler brother who had indeed chosen the better part.

It seems a singular but very lovely concession of the realities of life to our ideals of the fitness of things that the greatest poet and the most eminent critic should be housemates—but so it is. Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, poet, novelist, critic, and man-of-letters, is the chosen friend and inseparable companion of Mr. Swinburne as he was of Rossetti till his death. The best thing we can wish for the world of letters is that this two-fold link between the past century and the present may long remain unbroken, that from under the one roof-tree these two voices may continue to speak to us, for they speak as "those having authority."

M A N.

A man,
By winding way and path precipitous,
Had scaled a mountain to its craggy crest ;
And from that rocky edge of eminence,
With folded arms and sober-knitted brow,
Surveyed the varied world that lay below.
There lay the Universe in miniature :
Lakes, rivers, meadows, orchards, forests, farms ;
There lay the town, that like a little child
Who clingeth close unto his mother's gown,
Seemed nestled to the mapled mountain's base ;
And winding thence, a slender ashen thread
In Nature's wondrous woof of various green,
The highway, that from boyhood he had trod,
Lay like a clue to fortune and the world !

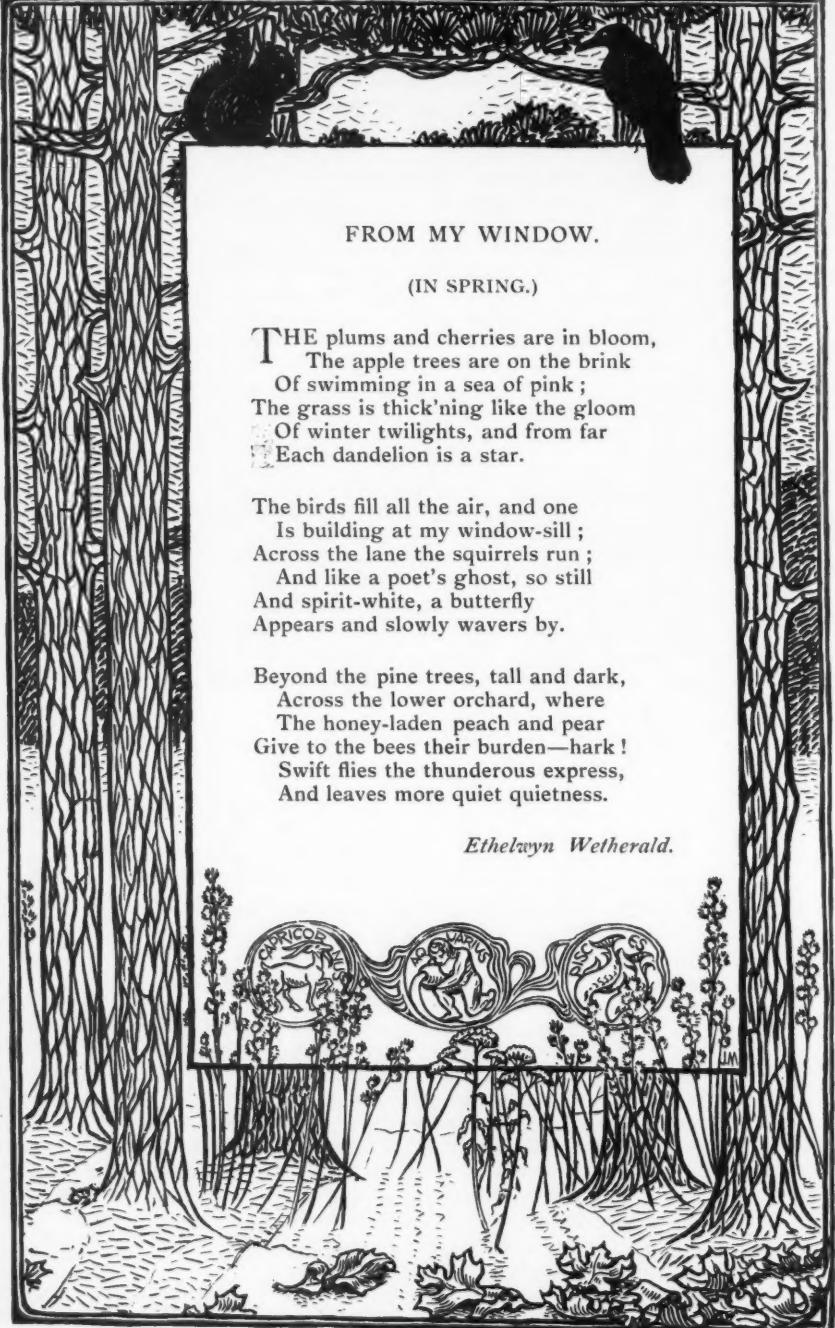
With sombre brow and sternly-steadfast eye,
The man upon the mountain silent stood,
And drew the breath of greatness, for his own
Had caught the spirit of ethereal height.
Then, sudden as the sunshine from a cloud,
Was changed the dark expression of his mood,
And to the soundless air he cried aloud,
And laughed in strident scorn of scorn—alone.
For, far upon the white and winding road
That distance made a ribbon, moving there,
But that so slow it seemed the eye's conceit,
A moment seen, a moment vanishing,
His straining sight and sense descried—a man !

And he,
Espying on that topmost treeless edge
An unfamiliar and uncertain mark,
So largely, there, infinitesimal,
So small by contrast that it mocked the sight,
Yet clear against the background of the sky,
Stood sudden still and stared with curious gaze,
Then shook with mirth ere thus he loud declaimed :

Lo, now ! A mite that thinks himself a man,
Grown tired of the little things of earth,
Hath crawled a mountain to its narrow peak
And thinks he stands astride of all the world !
O, when the night is come to blot him out,
Then he will snatch at stars to crown himself !
But when the morning breaks, to break his heart
And spill the incense of his petty pride,
He'll dumbly wonder why the world is dumb,
And in his rage will cast himself to earth,
That when he strikes the earth may split in twain.
O, it is such a tithe of littleness,
An evanescent atom mocking space,
I scarce conceive that *this* can be a man !

Meantime, the other on the mountain-top
Smiled down derisive distances at him.

Charles Gordon Rogers



FROM MY WINDOW.

(IN SPRING.)

THE plums and cherries are in bloom,
The apple trees are on the brink
Of swimming in a sea of pink ;
The grass is thick'ning like the gloom
Of winter twilights, and from far
Each dandelion is a star.

The birds fill all the air, and one
Is building at my window-sill ;
Across the lane the squirrels run ;
And like a poet's ghost, so still
And spirit-white, a butterfly
Appears and slowly wavers by.

Beyond the pine trees, tall and dark,
Across the lower orchard, where
The honey-laden peach and pear
Give to the bees their burden—hark !
Swift flies the thunderous express,
And leaves more quiet quietness.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

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THE LATE J. A. ALLEN

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XXIII—THE LATE J. A. ALLEN.

BY the death of the late J. A. Allen, of Alwington, Kingston, at the ripe age of eighty-six, Canada has lost a pioneer in literature and science, and a man of ripe scholarship.

He came of a good old Irish stock, his father having been a barrister of high repute and unswerving probity, and a friend of Daniel O'Connell. Mr. Allen's own *Alma Mater* was Trinity College, Dublin, which has sent forth so many brilliant sons, and he afterwards prosecuted his studies in London, availing himself of the opportunities there presented for reading largely and omnivorously, and laying the foundation of the large store of information he possessed, especially on

scientific subjects. During his studies for the ministry, he compiled an admirable Concordance of the New Testament, on a principle of his own. His marked ability and attractive nature soon secured for him the offer of a post at Tinnevelly, India, which he declined in order to cast in his lot with the Canadian Church. His first charge here was Huntingdon, P.Q., but he soon removed to that of Christieville, where, amid the picturesque windings of the St. John river, he encountered the happy romance of his life. For just at that time the Seigniory House was temporarily occupied by the fifth Baron de Longueil, the representative of the distinguished French-Canadian

family of the Lemoynes, ennobled by Louis XIV, in 1700, for their services to New France, and of the Jacobite family of the Grants of Blairfindie, who forfeited their estates through their devotion to the Pretender. The Baron's wife was a daughter of the well-known Coffin family, who came to Canada as U. E. Loyalists. Their only daughter was speedily wooed and won by the ardent young clergyman, and for once the course of true love ran smooth, for he had early won her parents' confidence and regard. The happy union lasted till both husband and wife had reached old age.

On the death of his father-in-law, not long after his marriage, Mr. Allen removed to Wolfe Island, near Kingston, to undertake the charge of the little Anglican Church built by the widowed Baroness for the benefit of the tenants of the family property, in memory of her husband. Here, for some years he continued to minister, as a labour of love, at the same time making for himself a charming home and model farm, to which he gave the Irish name of Ardath, *i.e.*, "The Field of Flowers." It well earned its name, for both flowers and fruit abounded in his well-tilled garden; and while he faithfully ministered to the spiritual needs of his parishioners, he promoted their material ones also, by introducing improved stock and methods of cultivation. He possessed a model dairy, as well as a model farm, and it is doubtless one result of his influence that this island is, even now, noted for the excellence of its dairy products. But he cultivated the Muses as well; and his chief poetical works owed their inception to the ideal pastoral life of this happy period of his history. Around him he had in his near neighbourhood a circle of congenial friends. The family mansion of Alwington, which was used as Government House during the brief period when Kingston was the seat of Government, and was the residence of three Governors-General in succession, was then the home of his brother-in-law, the sixth Baron de Longueil, and was always a second

home for the family at Ardath. One of the most valued friends and parishioners was the gifted Miss Louisa Murray, a noted figure in our past literary history, towards whose early literary efforts he proved a true and generous friend. He himself, at this time, wrote a good deal of dramatic verse on the Cromwellian period, and also a volume of reflective poetry on the great problems of life opened up by advancing science, which was published in 1854, under the apparently incongruous title of "Daydreams of a Butterfly." In it, while he asserts the "Reign of Law" to perhaps a somewhat necessitarian extreme, he indignantly repudiates the materialistic philosophy that saps all high ideals, and takes refuge in the faith that, in mind and soul, we have the immortal reality, which survives, unharmed, the destruction of its material surroundings. It was, perhaps, inevitable that the first clouds that rose on his sunny horizon should have been theological ones. One of the results of his broader outlook into life was a growing conviction that he could no longer honestly read the Athanasian Creed—a stumbling-block to many an earnest soul. And as absolute integrity was the lode-star of his life, this difficulty, proving insuperable, led to his resigning his ministry and following truth in his own way. It was a critical time for many, when science, advancing with giant strides, was for a time, by thinkers on both sides, set in needless opposition to Christianity. It became necessary for thoughtful minds to revise their conceptions both of nature and of Christian truth, and for Mr. Allen this involved a long period of great mental suffering, during which, in the words of Tennyson, so graphically depicting such experiences:

"He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them. So he came, at length,
To find a stronger faith his own."

And thus it came to pass that "perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds, at last he beat his music out." And upon

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none of the Divine sayings which he knew so well, did he dwell with greater satisfaction than on that so frequently on his lips, "He that willeth to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine." Duty, his guiding star, led him at length to a spiritual resting-place, "where, beyond those voices, there is Peace!"

On the removal of his brother-in-law, with his family, to Europe, Alwington, which was the property of Mrs. Allen, became his permanent home—its beautiful grounds sloping greenly to Lake Ontario, and its large and sunny garden affording ample scope for his love of nature and of gardening. For the sake, however, of his rapidly growing family, for whom he wished to secure better educational advantages than were at that time available in Kingston, he lived for a time at Newhaven, Conn., in the early days of the American Civil War; but, on account of the hostile feeling then prevailing against Great Britain, he eventually went to France, living successively at Dieppe and Paris. Finally the family gravitated to England, where he resided for some time at Edgbaston, close to Birmingham, in order to afford to his promising son, Grant, the great advantages of King Edward's school in that city. Stratford-on-Avon was within a short journey, and as the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebration occurred during his stay, he contributed his own offering to it in a Memorial Poem, illustrating at some length the greatness of the

"immortal bard"

Whom Nature for herself had made, to see
How looked her face, reflected in his soul,
And to transmit the likeness to all time!"

Leaving his son Grant to prosecute his studies at Oxford, Mr. Allen left England in 1864, and returned to reside at Alwington, where, with few interruptions, the rest of his tranquil years were spent. Here he soon gathered round him a congenial circle of friends, who found the pleasant, old-fashioned house and charming grounds a delightful resort, both in summer

and winter, and where the genial host and hostess dispensed a generous hospitality. Not a few, now scattered throughout Canada, and eminent in various departments of life, look back to their visits there as among their happiest memories. Among its more distinguished guests have been men of such differing types as Alfred Russell Wallace, Goldwin Smith, and Lyman Abbott. Quoting from a plaintive song of the Baroness Nairne, it might well be said of the host, "Hoo mony did he welcome to his ain dear auld house," and if the "leddy, too, sae genty," never "sheltered Scotland's heir," she had enough of the Jacobite spirit of her Scottish ancestors to have availed herself of such an opportunity, had she lived, like them, in the days of Culloden.

Mr. Allen's sympathies, however, were all with the brave Puritans who rescued England from despotism, and it was during this period of his life that he brought out his "drama in verse," published by Elliot Stock, London, entitled "The True and Romantic Love-story of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson," an idyllic romance pervaded by the purest and noblest ideals of love and life. Did space permit, it would be pleasant to give several quotations from this little volume, but the following must be given as embodying his deepest thought on the meaning of life:

"Yet our life hath
A mightier significance, because
A discipline to fit us for the next;
And death, the morning of our real life.
How blessed 'tis to know all ends not here,
But that the soul, conterminous with God,
Lives through the boundless future, ever
young—
'Tis wonderful how little we think on't."

Meantime, romances in real life, less welcome to a fond father, were going on at Alwington, ending in marriages which removed some of his dearest household treasures, though in time he could welcome the new claims that grandchildren made on his affectionate nature. His son Grant, too, was rapidly winning success and fame, far more early prized by his father than any



THE LATE GRANT ALLEN—SCIENTIST AND AUTHOR

of his own could have been. His first book, "Physiological *Æsthetics*," gave great pleasure to Mr. Allen, and presentation copies of many successive books, always sent first to *him*, formed the most prized adornment of his library. On many subjects father and son differed widely, for Mr. Allen's tendencies were conservative on most moral and political questions; but such differences never impaired the strong bond of love and confidence always existing between them, and although reciprocal visits were rare, constant correspondence kept their minds in sympathetic touch. No one who knew

Mr. Allen could doubt whence his brilliant son had derived the keen, observant eye, the tendency to theorize as to cause and effect, the marked conversational power and clearness in explanation, as well as the perennial spring of playful humour, for Mr. Allen was happy in keeping, to old age, almost the heart of a boy. He never lost his taste for scientific study and was always ready to place his own stores of information at the disposal of an enquirer. During the last summer of his life, his eighty-seventh, he published an able *brochure* on "The Why of Gravitation," containing his own original explanation of this great law and showing no weakening of mental power, nor unfamiliarity with the latest researches in Physics. It seems strange that no Canadian university should have honoured itself by official recognition of his right to the title of LL.D., so often bestowed on far slenderer claims. Mr. Allen, however, was grandly careless of all such decorations which may be one rea-

son why they did not come his way. But far better than the old mediæval distinction was the still older "Integer *vitæ*," which he so truly embodied. His fearless honesty of speech—the noble and disinterested candour with which he came forward when he thought his voice was needed on any public question—commanded universal respect. As Principal Grant observed, after his death, "he could always be depended upon, with heroic courage, to make a stand for righteousness." A patriot after Tennyson's high ideal who—

"though dogs of faction bay,
Would serve his land in deed and word"—

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NÄHE DES GELIEBTEN

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he deeply deplored the partisan spirit—the self-seeking and corruption that have poisoned our political atmosphere, and would impartially and fearlessly denounce them, through whatever channel he could make himself heard. But his kindness of heart never failed, and his praise was unstinted whenever he felt it deserved.

During the last few years of his life his happy family circle was sadly diminished. His eldest son, never strong; his beloved wife, a beautiful and devoted daughter, and his son-in-law, the late J. Maule Machar, Q.C., only brother of the present writer,

followed each other in rapid succession. But the death of Grant Allen seemed to snap his strongest tie to life, and after that event he visibly failed. On October 7th, 1900, he gently "fell on sleep." His life might not unfitly be epitomized in the following lines of his own, from his "drama in verse":—

"It was a life fought bravely to the last,
Where conscience—magnetized by fear of
God—
Kept trembling, constant, round the star of
light.
If there were spots, 'twere spots upon the
sun,
Lost in the splendour of a whole bright life!"

Agnes Maule Machar (Fidelis).

NÄHE DES GELIEBTEN.

(From the German of Goethe.)

I think of thee, love, when the bright sun's shimmer
From ocean gleams—

I think of thee, love, when the pale moon's glimmer
Silvers the streams.

I see thee, love, when on the distant highway
The dust-cloud parts—

At dead of night, when on the narrow by-way
The wanderer starts.

I hear thee, love, when yonder with dull hissing
The billow swells—

To the still grove I often go to listen,
Where silence dwells.

I'm by thy side, though 'tween us seas be sweeping,
To me thou'rt near!

The sun sinks low, the stars will soon be peeping.
Oh, wert thou here!

W. A. R. Kerr.



The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL I.—THE ULTIMATUM TO FRANCE.

WHEN Arabi's gunners loosed off that nine-pound shell from the right flanking battery at Tel-el-Kebir they spoiled a good soldier. At least so Sir Evelyn Wood was kind enough to hint as the dust of the explosion cleared and left me a bleeding heap at his feet with scarce strength to sputter the order that I had brought to him from Wolseley.

"Melgund will fight no more, and he was a proper fighting man," was the lullaby of the tune to which I swooned while they packed me into the ambulance.

So far as military service was concerned Sir Evelyn's forecast was, unhappily, verified, though as an Irishman of warm blood I rejoice that I have had many a rough-and-tumble on private account since that day. Aye, and in pursuit of duty, too—duty none the less perilous, as you who can scan these jottings are soon to learn, because performed far from the heat of battle and the tramp of big battalions.

But for the moment—that is to say, as soon as I had recovered sufficiently to be sent home—there was nothing for it but to curse the luck that had robbed me of the career of my heart, and to wonder what on earth I was to do with myself for the rest of my natural life. For though in every other way my health and strength would be as good as ever the wound had left a permanent injury which would prevent me from ever mounting a horse again. A pretty thing that for a cavalry man to hear who had been, only two months before, appointed aide-

de-camp to that patron of pushers, G.J.-W., and who had not yet scored his thirty-third birthday.

The thing had to be faced, however, and I faced it at first by making a nuisance of myself at my clubs, where for the year after resigning my commission I bewailed my evil fate to all who would listen. I met with a good deal of sympathy, of course—men always do under such circumstances, and my record had been an exceptionally brilliant one.

But the best of good fellows tire of a croaker at last, and for the sake of my popularity it was none too soon when I received a note from Poindexter, my old Eton fag-master, asking me to call on him.

It seemed that my lamentations had borne fruit. Poindexter is a marquis by courtesy, and the son of the distinguished statesman who at that time was Foreign Secretary. He spends most of his life hunting big game in Central Africa, and we had not met since, with a light heart, I saw him depart from Eton sixteen years before.

"You are making a terrible fuss, Melgund," he said, after greetings. "The men at the Junior United and the Cavalry Club are sick to death of your troubles. I've only been in London a week, but the same yarn flies up and hits me everywhere—that Melgund is going all to pieces for want of a job to keep him out of mischief. How would you like a billet as Queen's Messenger? Carry despatches and things abroad for the Foreign Office, don't you know."

"Nothing would suit me better," I replied. "But have I the qualifications? Certainly languages are, after soldiering, my strong point. I had even passed in Russian."

Poindexter grinned. "You are more than qualified, unless you have sadly deteriorated," he said. "Do you know what made me think of this berth for

you? Well, it was a vivid recollection of the fag whom I used to punish by sending him up to Layton's in Windsor to buy a penny bun in the fond belief that the trivial errand would spoil his playtime. The bun, being wrapped in one of Layton's bags, was proof, I imagined, that the young rascal had done his three-mile walk out and home, till on the last day of my last term, when it was too late for vengeance, I made a discovery. On the very first occasion that nice boy had got to the soft side of one of the girls in Layton's shop, so that she furnished him with a supply of paper bags which made further pilgrimages to Windsor unnecessary. Thenceforward Master Melgund used to buy the bun at one of the college sock-shops, and then, after placing it on my table duly ensconced in one of Layton's bags, he would go gaily off to his cricket or football."

I could not help laughing at the reminiscence of my boyhood. It was correct in every detail, though it was news to me that my ruse had been detected.

"I had no idea that you had found me out," I said. "It was kind of you not to give me a thrashing, even at the last moment. But seriously, Poindexter, how can all this have any bearing on my qualifications for this post?"

"Simply that it shows you to be a fellow of some resource; and a Queen's Foreign Service Messenger needs a good deal of resource—sometimes," replied my friend, smiling. "My only fear is that the other quality which enabled you successfully to fool me may bring you to grief on occasion."

"What quality?" I asked wondering.

"The one that induced the shop-girl to supply you with the paper bags—no less than the way you have with the sex, my son," was the reply. "You Irishmen are susceptible, and I have heard a thing or two about you. You will have to 'ware the women, Melgund, in your new trade. Now, cut along and see my father at the Foreign Office. I have already spoken the

word, and I think you will find that it will be all right."

As a result of that conversation I am in a position to relate certain incidents which befell me during my employment in carrying despatches, and, as Poindexter put it, "things," for the Foreign Office. Several Ministers rose and fell while I was on the service; but as, with one exception, the Ministers affected are still alive, I shall veil their names under pseudonyms which it will not take much knowledge of affairs to penetrate. I shall observe no regular sequence in the narratives, selecting the occurrences as they present themselves to me most vividly, except that I shall reserve to the last the adventure which is the reason of my being a Queen's Messenger no longer. It will not be the least interesting of the series.

So that I could get quickly to Downing Street in the event of my being wanted in a hurry, I occupied a small suite of chambers in the Albany. About five o'clock on a May afternoon in a recent year I was lounging in my room, wondering whether it would be safe to run out for half-an-hour to the club—for I had been warned to hold myself in readiness for duty—when the telephone bell rang. A moment later I was glad that I had not yielded to the inclination. I recognized the voice at the other end as that of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State. My presence was required at the Foreign Office immediately.

It took me but a short five minutes to reach my destination. As I ran up the steps the hall-porter held open the swing door with the air of having expected me.

"You are to go to the Duke's room, sir, if you please," he said. "His Grace has remained on purpose to see you himself."

Though it happened before, it was very unusual for a Secretary of State to instruct the Queen's Messengers personally, and as I passed along the corridor I reflected that my mission was to be an important one. Carrying the red morocco despatch-box, in which I al-

ways locked up documents as soon as they were entrusted to me, I was about to tap at the door behind which most of the secret history of Europe is compiled, when it was opened from within, and a man came out. On the threshold, however, he turned inwards again, apparently too preoccupied to notice me, and said in the tone of one who makes a last appeal—

"The interests at stake are colossal, your Grace."

"I have said my last word, Baron. Do not force me to express an opinion of your very singular request," came the reply in the voice of the Foreign Minister. It was coldly spoken, and allowed the visitor no alternative. He left the room, shutting the door rather loudly behind him, and went muttering down the corridor, shooting a keen glance at me as he passed. He was a large stout man of a Hebrew cast of countenance, and I thought that I recognized him as the original of a certain *Vanity Fair* cartoon, which I could not at the moment fit with a name.

On entering the room I found the Foreign Minister sitting at his table, with the Permanent Under-Secretary standing at his elbow. From the serious faces with which they were perusing a document that lay on the blotting-pad I guessed that they were dealing with what the newspapers called "The French Crisis," for it was at a period when Anglo-Gallic relations were strained over the Siamese boundary question.

The first words of the Duke convinced me of the truth of my surmise. Glancing up at me he carefully selected a pen, with a bold flourish affixed his signature to the paper, and then, with the sigh of one committed to a great enterprise, looked at me again.

"Captain Melgund, you will cross to Paris to-night," he said, "to deliver this document and this covering despatch to our Ambassador at the earliest moment in the morning."

"I shall arrive at the Rue de Dunkerque at half-past five, and I could be at the Embassy before six at latest,

your Grace," I replied. "Am I to understand that you wish his Excellency to be called so as to receive the despatch?"

The Duke of Selhurst puckered his brows in thought, then exchanged whispers with the Under-Secretary. "No," he said at length. "Lord Sartoris would be unable to act at such an early hour, and it would unnecessarily inconvenience him to call him at six. If he has the despatch by ten o'clock it will be soon enough."

The Under-Secretary, who had been folding and enclosing the papers in an official envelope, handed me the packet, and I was about to retire when the Duke checked me. I saw at once by the mere facial play of his fine features that he was descending from the high horse to the semi-official attitude which he occasionally adopted towards his favourites. That I was one of the latter I had already had many reasons to think. Poindexter had told him about the buns at Eton.

"You must be careful on this journey, Melgund," the Duke said kindly. "I know that I can depend upon your silence, and it will add to the strength of my warning if I give you a hint. One of the papers in your box is practically an ultimatum to France which may lead to war, and the gentlemen in the City are much exercised about it. If Lord Sartoris has to present it to the French Government to-morrow, a certain group of financiers stand to lose, by the drop in securities which will follow, a matter of several millions. You see my meaning?"

"The Stock Exchange people might try to stop me, your Grace?"

"Exactly. Did you recognize the man who went out as you came in?"

"His face seemed familiar, though I could not put a name to it," I replied.

"That," said the Foreign Minister, "was the Baron Schwartzroder, the eminent financier. He had the impudence to call on me with the object of trying to ascertain whether it was true, as rumoured in the papers, that an ultimatum was going forward and, if so, of inducing me to withhold it

for a day till he and his colleagues in the City had rigged the money-market to suit them before the inevitable fall in prices sets in. He placed the Government under a slight obligation in the matter of the last Greek loan, but, needless to say, it did not warrant such presumption as this. He has gone away no wiser than he came, yet he is a man of very wide resources, and quite unscrupulous. That is why I have spoken thus fully."

Perceiving by the Duke's concluding gesture that my audience was at an end I promised to be on my guard against possible obstruction on the part of Schwartzroder, and bowed myself out. To a man of my temperament the suspicion of danger foreshadowed by the Minister's remarks added zest to the errand, and I prepared for the journey with unusually pleasant anticipation.

As soon as I regained my rooms I summoned my man Curtis and told him that I had to go to Paris by the night mail that leaves Charing Cross at nine o'clock. Curtis, an old soldier who had served in my troop, was absolutely reliable, and I took him so far into my confidence as to hint that the red box contained papers of great importance, which it would be necessary to guard very closely. Bidding him lock the outer door of the suite I myself took care of the box while he packed my "Gladstone." When he had got everything ready for my departure it was nearly seven o'clock, and I left him in charge of the box with strict injunctions not to let it out of his sight and to lock himself in, while I went and got some dinner at the club.

All my preparations being made I timed my return to the Albany so as to allow only a few minutes before it would be necessary to start for the station. I let myself in with my latch-key and found Curtis, as I had expected, doing sentry-go round the table on which reposed the despatch-box.

"Get me a hansom," I said as I entered. "Has anybody called?"

"Only a messenger from the For-

ign Office, sir," was the reply. "He brought this note about an hour ago."

Tearing open the envelope which he handed me I read as follows—

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN MELGUND,

"Since our official interview this afternoon I have learned that my niece, Lady Alicia Davenant, is to proceed to Paris by to-night's mail. It seems that her mother, the Countess of Willesden, who had been going with her, has been commanded by Her Majesty to dine and sleep at Windsor to-morrow, and my niece has been thus deprived of her escort. May I under these circumstances trespass on your kindness in a private capacity to take care of Lady Alicia *en route*. Relying on your good nature I have informed Lady Willesden that she had better take her daughter to Charing Cross and deliver her into your keeping in time for the mail-train.

"Yours faithfully,
"SELHURST."

The body of the letter was typewritten on Foreign Office paper, and the signature was in the well-known bold hand of the Secretary of State. As I finished reading it Curtis came back and reported that the cab was waiting.

"Did you recognize the man who brought this note?" I inquired of him.

"Yes, sir; leastways he wore the Foreign Office uniform—they're all pretty much alike," was the reply.

There was still three minutes to spare, and going to the telephone I rang up the Duke's private address. Paper can be stolen and signatures forged. I had no doubt it was all right, but with the warning about Schwartzroder fresh in my mind I thought it would be as well to verify the credentials of my travelling companion. This, as it happened, I was unable to do. The person who came to the telephone was the Duke's butler. He informed me that the family was dining out, and that the private secretary, who might have known something of the matter, was also not in the house.

There was no time to ring up the Duke at the place where he was dining, so tucking the despatch-box under my arm I went down to the cab, said good-bye to Curtis, and told the driver to whip up for Charing Cross. On the whole I was well pleased at the prospect of this interesting charge, for I had often heard Poindexter speak of his cousin's vivacious beauty, and I promised myself a good time—as good a time, that is to say, as would be compatible with keeping a vigilant eye on the red box and all strange fellow-travellers.

As my hansom drew up under the portico I remembered that I knew neither the Countess of Willesden nor her daughter by sight. In this there was nothing derogatory to me as a man about town moving in the inner social circle, for Lady Alicia was very young and had not yet been presented, while her mother had rarely appeared in public since the death of the Earl in an Alpine accident three years before. Still it was disconcerting to think that I might miss the opportunity of obliging my official chief, for my duty had to be performed before everything, and I had no time to hunt a couple of unknown women among the crowd of passengers thronging into the booking-office.

I might have spared myself the brief anxiety. I had scarcely paid the cabman and given my bag to a porter when a smart brougham drew into the place which my cab had occupied and an alert footman jumped down to hold the door for two ladies to alight. The first to descend was a stately woman of fifty; the trim, tailor-clad figure that followed her from the carriage was that of a young girl in her teens. I had hardly had time for conjecture when the elder woman, after a blank glance round, came straight up to me and put out her hand.

"It is Captain Melgund, is it not?" she began eagerly. "Ah! I thought so—by the despatch-box. How fortunate that I noticed it. I am Lady Willesden, whom I dare say you are inwardly anathematizing for saddling

you with a tiresome girl. Alicia, come and be introduced to your escort."

Of course, I protested with perfect sincerity that Lady Alicia was anything but a tiresome girl, and I mentally added that she was certainly a very pretty one. Never for the life of me can I regard feminine beauty without showing my admiration, and the coquettish flash with which she answered my boldly approving glance restored to me my self-respect. I had begun to resent the Duke's selection of me for escort to this comely maiden as an insulting suggestion that he considered me a *foegey*, but what mattered that if she herself had already reckoned me up from a more sensible point of view? I did not *look* more than forty, at any rate.

Professing a dread of the draughts of the station, Lady Willesden said good-bye to her daughter, and drove away. I had my own Foreign Office pass, but as it was necessary to take a ticket for Lady Alicia there was not much time to spare when we reached the barrier of the departure platform. Having got so far, however, there was no fear of the train starting without us, for the railway officials knew me by sight, and the inspector at once shouted to the guard that a Queen's Messenger was coming.

"And wants a carriage to himself, Bill!" he added, passing on the request which I was prompted to make, of course, by a conscientious desire to safeguard my despatches.

To my satisfaction I saw the guard, after looking into one or two compartments, grab the handle of a door about the middle of the train and hold it open. At the same moment I caught a glimpse of two men, who had been standing on the platform, stepping into a carriage farther towards the front of the train. One of them was without doubt the Foreign Minister's visitor of the afternoon, and I recognized that there was every need for precaution. The Baron Schwartzroder had evidently been waiting for my arrival, and having satisfied him-

self that I was on the train had seated himself. A man of the qualities ascribed to him by the Duke would have had no difficulty in identifying me, even had such a well-known figure as myself been strange to him till that day. So much for his resourcefulness ! Where was the unscrupulousness mentioned by the Duke to come in ?

The guard blew his whistle as he shut the door on us, and reflecting that Schwartzroder was not built for tempting the foot-board of an express train I dismissed him from present considerations. He might contemplate some game on the boat, or in France ; but that first-class compartment was a desert island into which he could not penetrate. All I had to do just then was to make Lady Alicia comfortable in the corner-seat which she had chosen. The window down—about half-way—was all she wanted, and needless to say she had it.

I seated myself opposite to her, with the despatch-box at my side, between me and the outer wall of the carriage. For a time she prattled with a pretty air of childish innocence about the delights of a first visit to Paris, the dissipated shopping she was to indulge in, the dear cousins—"the Wynters of Wynter Court, don't you know"—with whom she was going to stay. Yet, though her talk was the merest girly-girly trash, her fine eyes made play all the time, and she had quite an old stager's trick of emphasizing her points with little gasping sighs. I never was so happy in my life.

Suddenly, as we whisked through Sevenoaks, she said : " What a nice dressing-case that is ! Why do you keep your elbow on it so ? I believe you've got your monogram on it, and you don't want me to know what your initials are."

" My dear Lady Alicia ! What would your uncle say to that !" I exclaimed. " This is not a dressing-case, though it sometimes gives the enemies of the country a good dressing-down. It is the Foreign Office despatch-box, which I shall always bless as the prime cause of getting you entrusted to my care."

" How delightfully interesting," purred my fair *vis-a-vis*. I do wish you would let me look at it closer."

" By all means ! Take it on to your lap and inspect it thoroughly," I assented. And, fired with the quaint conceit of letting this dainty butterfly carry, if only for a few yards, the menace which England was hurling at France, I took the box from my side and passed it over to her. Strangely enough, instead of the gleam of pleasure that I looked for, a shade of disappointment flitted across her face.

" What's that chain for ?" she asked, pointing to a steel chain with which I had attached the box to my waist after the fashion of bank-clerks " on the walk," and which now that she held the box formed a glittering link between us. I was rather taken aback, for I had a nice touch of sentiment at the tip of my tongue aent that same link. " The chain is for the greater security of the box—to prevent bad people getting it away from me," I explained.

" But you will detach the chain for me to examine the box ? See ! I can hardly turn it round because of the horrid thing," pleaded Lady Alicia sweetly.

" I cannot do that, even for you," I replied ; and why I did so I know not, but by some curious intuition I glanced at the half-open window. Her colour deepened a little, but whether with annoyance at my refusal, or because she fathomed the mental process that directed that glance, I have never been able to decide. She handed the box back to me without a word, and for some minutes sat silent. Then with a ringing laugh she went off at score into a fresh subject, and was altogether so charming that I was heartily ashamed of the wavelet of suspicion that had rippled over my senses.

I found still greater cause to be ashamed a little later in the journey. Nothing of importance occurred on the boat, nor did Schwartzroder and his companion make any attempt to approach us, though I more than once surprised their eyes upon me. But at

Calais Pier station, just as I was congratulating myself on have secured a *coupé* to ourselves, and Lady Alicia on looking as fresh as paint after the sea passage, she gave a little cry of alarm and pointed to the door of the compartment. There stood the Baron Schwartzroder in the act of turning the handle, and over his shoulder peered the sinister face of his companion.

"Oh, keep those dreadful men out, do, Captain Melgund," blurted my little charge. "I am sure they are foreigners."

On my own account as well as hers I was prepared to contest the right of entry as, I flatter myself, an Irish soldier and gentleman knew how. But there was no need for action.

"The young lady allows her insular prejudice to vanquish her politeness," said the Baron in perfect English and bowing low. "She may rest assured that we have no desire to intrude."

The pair went away to another carriage, though I took his disclaimer for what it was worth, attributing his hasty flight to my resolute demeanour and my soldiery eye. One thing, however, was proved uncontestedly by the brief *contretemps*. That sweet rosebud opposite was certainly not in collusion with the enemies of the box, and that I could have thought it possible struck me as so ridiculous that I registered a vow to make atonement by telling the story against myself. How the Duke, to say nothing of Poindexter, would laugh at their young relative being taken for such a marplot as that!

I have to confess that thenceforward I abandoned myself to the delights of the situation. These things are all a matter of temperament, and I could no more help making love to that girl than in the old days I could have helped drawing my sword in the presence of the foe. Any one who knows me knows also that I am no coxcomb, and if it had not a bearing on the story that I am telling I should not divulge the secret that I made an impression. Before the train stopped at Abbeville I had kissed Lady Alicia's hand; as we

steamed clear of the station lights at Amiens I kissed her on the lips; when the engine clanked to a standstill in the *Gare du Nord* it cut short the plans we were making for the honeymoon at Rome.

And then suddenly we found ourselves on the platform with present plans all in a tangle. I had been too busy to ask Lady Alicia to what address she was bound, and I had my duty to attend to. True, the despatches need not reach the Ambassador before ten o'clock, and it was but half-past five; but it was my usual practice to convey the red box to the Embassy, and deliver it into the custody of the night-porter before going to my hotel. And on this occasion it was desirable that the box should be at the Embassy at the earliest moment. The sight of Schwartzroder and his familiar hurrying to the exit reminded me of that.

Lady Alicia herself supplied the key to the puzzle. We had wandered to the luggage-van to pick out the big dress-basket that was her only baggage.

"What is to become of poor me?" she said plaintively. "It is too bad of the Wynters not to have met me. I suppose I shall have to find my way to the Rue Jacques Favart all by myself."

The Rue Jacques Favart was on the direct route to the Embassy, and I was prompt with my proposal—

"You will do nothing of the kind. I will drop you at your friends' house on my way to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré."

"Dear Jocelyn!" she murmured.

It was not yet six o'clock, and the drive through the deserted streets in the stillness of the fresh spring morning was all too short. It seemed that but two minutes had passed when Lady Alicia put her well-gloved hand on my arm and whispered—

"The driver is pulling up, and—yes—that is the house. We must say good-bye now, but you *will* call soon, won't you?"

It was too true. The driver had

checked his horse before an old-fashioned courtyard, the iron gates of which stood open. He was about to drive in when my fair companion hastily bade me stop him.

"The noise of the wheels would disturb Mrs. Wynter, and she is an invalid," she exclaimed. "I will get out here and call some one to carry in my dress-basket."

Of course I alighted too, and accompanied her to the lodge of the concierge, where, however, repeated knocking and ringing failed to bring a response. Lady Alicia began to get angry.

"This is a cold welcome for Lady Willesden's daughter; I shan't like the Wynters after this. I am so tired," she pouted.

"Let us put them to shame," I said. "If you will take one handle I will take the other, and we will carry the basket to the house-door ourselves. I cannot manage it single-handed because of the despatch-box."

"What a splendid notion!" she cried, clapping her hands childishly. "They will hardly dare look me in the face."

We soon had the dress-basket off the cab, and after bidding the driver wait for me, I helped my charmer with all the power of my unoccupied arm. The house-door stood open, and as we crossed the paved courtyard I argued from that fact that there was a good reason for the absence of the concierge from his lodge. He had gone to attend to some duty in the house.

A flight of steps led up to the door, and I suggested that we should deposit the luggage at the foot, and ring the house-bell. But my companion's consideration for her unworthy hostess overruled me.

"We ought to forgive those that ill-treat us," said Lady Alicia sweetly. "Help me carry it into the house, and then you can run away before any one comes. It will serve them right to think that I have lugged the thing in myself."

Being of the same mind I assented gaily, and together we got the un-

wieldy basket up the steps into the hall. I was about to make a remark on the dinginess of the furniture, thinking that it would suit the girl's mood, when a man who had been hiding behind the door banged it shut, and three others coming from rooms on either side covered me with revolvers. The pretty little decoy ran laughing down the passage and disappeared, leaving a brave soldier and honest gentleman in some embarrassment. It does credit to my nerve and freedom from vanity that I grasped the situation at once. "Lady Alicia," was a fraud, and had got me in the toils for the base purposes of her employers.

As to who they were I was not long in doubt. In the first man to address me I recognized the travelling companion of Baron Schwartzroder.

"Walk into this room, sir, if you please," said the scoundrel with mock politeness. "We shall not detain you long, but I warn you that resistance will be fatal. And you, Pierre, go and pay the cabman and bring in the gentleman's bag."

A really brave man does not throw his life away without a recompense, and perceiving that my captor was in earnest I yielded to his demand. The room in which I found myself was even dingier than the hall, and convinced me that an unoccupied house had been specially taken for the exploit, doubtless by telegraphic communication with some Parisian confederate over night. It was not reassuring to see that the two windows had been boarded up.

The spokesman, and evil-looking brute with a goatee beard and ferret eyes, had preceded me. Three others —hired ruffians all of them by their endeavours to look fierce—trooped in behind. Though they went through a lot of stage business with their weapons, I was not impressed by their obvious struggles to earn their money, but he who had come with Schwartzroder from England struck me as quietly dangerous. He did not flourish his pistol like the other, but I could tell

by the grip of his fingers on the stock that he was quite prepared to use it if necessary. I believe that it was only that man's oily calm that prevented me from relieving his colleagues of their revolvers and walking out into the street after giving them a sound drubbing.

So far I had been too angry for words, but now I found speech. I forgot what I said, but it was something not very original about their having to pay for the outrage.

The spokesman shrugged his shoulders. "I think not," he said. "But believe me, sir, that we greatly regret the personal inconvenience to yourself—an inconvenience which you can terminate this moment if you choose to leave that despatch-box here, and report that it was stolen from you, or that you dropped it overboard accidentally on the voyage."

My reply was one that in cold blood I do not care to write.

"Then in that case there is another alternative—equally effective for our purpose," proceeded the fellow. "We shall simply detain you here till after the Bourse is closed this afternoon, when you will be free to depart, unmolested, and taking your box with you. It will then be too late for your despatches to injure those with whom I am interested."

"Yes, the Baron Schwartzroder and his gang of sharks!" I retorted. "They may save their money, but I will promise that they shan't save their skins—after this outrage on Her Majesty's Messenger. I will see to it that residence, let alone stock-jobbing, is impossible for them in any European capital in future."

I saw at once that I had made a grave mistake. The man's eyes blinked at me, and he seemed to go all to pieces, but only for a moment. Instantly he braced himself, and became more deadly smooth than ever.

"That alters the case altogether, and may make a sad difference to you," he replied. "I must go and consult my principal, who is not a man to allow little obstacles to stand in his way.

'What is a Queen's Messenger more or less when millions are at stake?' That is what he will say, my friend, when he learns that you are aware of his identity."

He waved his hands to the others, and covering me with their pistols to the last they retreated from the room, locking and double-locking the door upon me. Matters had become suddenly serious, for if ever human eyes threatened murder, those of the goatee-bearded man did as he backed towards the door. And that Schwartzroder would take the same view I was fully persuaded from the Duke's description, Europe was honeycombed with his financial operations, and he would hardly let the whole system collapse for want of jabbing a knife into the man who could ruin him.

If I could have sold my life dearly, with some prospect of success, I would have sailed in with a light heart; but I was unarmed, and trapped like a rat. I tried the windows and the door, only to find that without tools the thick boards of the former and the massive locks of the latter were impregnable. To have called out for help up at that lonely courtyard would have been mere waste of breath. For an hour I tramped up and down my cage, racking my brains for means of escape, and the more eager for it as there was yet plenty of time to deliver the despatches by the appointed hour. Human nature is strong, and I did not set so much store now on duty, I fear, as on upsetting Schwartzroder.

The masterly rapidity with which the Baron had laid his plans compelled a sort of chagrined admiration, and saved me from self-reproach. It consoled me to think that my half-formed instinct, caused by the girl's behaviour at Sevenoaks, was right. I had now no doubt that but for the chain she would have dropped the box from the window to a confederate waiting by the line, trusting to her wits to persuade me that it was an accident. In the event of this plan failing, the duplicate one of inveigling me into the house in the Rue Jacques Favart had

been devised, the pretty little drama of the repelled intrusion at Calais being a carefully prepared "effect" designed to inspire me with fresh confidence. That this alternate scheme had succeeded was, I felt, a tribute rather to my fulness of heart than to lack of brain. I would have defied any man to have withstood that little witch's start of horror, and her natural appeal to me, on the appearance of the Baron and his companion at the door of the couple. As for the twentieth time I struggled vainly to wrench down the tough boards at the window, I told myself that it was really the girl who had beaten me, and that I would rather owe my discomfiture to her than to a greasy German-Jew financier backed by hired bullies. At any rate, defeat at her hands would not have been without its compensations.

Suddenly there came a fumbling at the lock, and "Lady Alicia Davenport" stole in, softly closing the door behind her. Worried as I was I could not fail to notice the change in her—from the impudent hussy who ran laughing down the passage after her dirty work was done, to a trembling, anxious woman.

"They mean to kill you," she whispered. "I heard them talking just now. But I can save you if you will promise not to put the police on to us. I have sent the fool who was guarding the door away by a trick. Will you promise?"

"Yes," I said, "but I don't understand. I was under the impression that I owed my trouble to you, *Lady Alicia*!"

"So you did," she said, "only don't call me by that horrid name, please. My own doesn't matter; I am a person of no account. Schwartzroder employs all sorts of queer people, and I am one of them—like the sham Countess of Willesden, and the Foreign Office Messenger, you know. But I draw the line at murder."

"Who is the man with the beard and the nasty way with him?" I asked.

"He is my father," said the girl, with a little shudder. "He is a secret agent of Schwartzroder's for—for such jobs as this. Do be quick!"

"But why should you risk their anger for me?" I protested. "You seemed to relish your part throughout the journey."

She half sighed, and her lips quivered. "It was all right as long as you were to be let go unhurt," she said. "But I thought I should have died when I heard that they had altered their minds. You see—you see," she faltered, "it was all in the way of business at first, but you made love so nicely I—I couldn't bear harm to come to you through me. Now you *must* hurry. Your 'Gladstone' is still in the hall, and I am quite clever enough to prove that I tried to stop your escape."

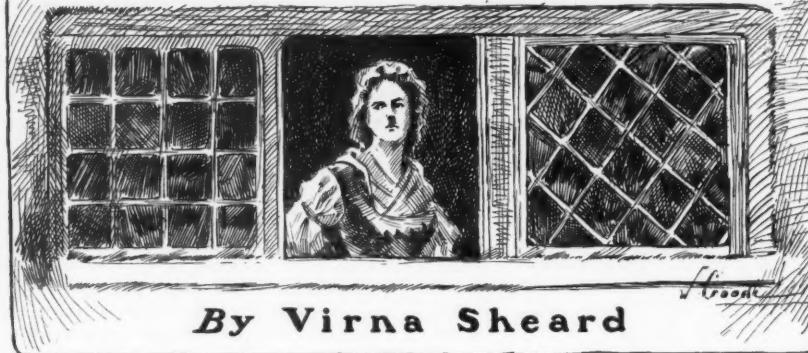
Two minutes later I was out in the sunshine, with my despatch-box safe under my arm. As I threaded my way along the now teeming street to the nearest cab-stand I reflected that, despite my recent adventure, there was not so much in Poindexter's advice to "'ware the women" as first met the eye. Certainly I had got into a bit of a mess through one, but my "way with the sex," as my friend called it, had speedily got me out again.

If I had not really touched the heart of the little adventuress it might have gone badly with me; as it was I had my nice ways to thank for my safety a deal more, I fear, than the resourcefulness of which Poindexter had made so much.

That morning the ultimatum was duly presented, and later France climbed down. But not that day or the next, or indeed before there had been such a fall in prices on every 'Change in Europe that Schwartzroder must have lost millions; and that was revenge enough for me.

Not only had I given "Lady Alicia" my promise, but it would have been a little awkward to have had to explain how nearly, and by what method, the Red Box had been imperilled.

A Maid of Many Moods



By Virna Sheard

IT was Christmas Eve, and all the small diamond window panes of One Tree Inn, the half-way house upon the road from Stratford to Shottery, were aglitter with light from the great fire in the front room chimney-place and from the many candles Mistress Debora had set in their brass candlesticks and started a-burning herself. The place, usually so dark and quiet at this time of night, seemed to have gone off in a whirligig of gaiety to celebrate the Noel-tide.

In vain had old Marjorie, the house-keeper, scolded. In vain had Master Thornbury, who was of a thrifty and saving nature, followed his daughter about and expostulated. She only laughed and waved the lighted end of the long spill around his broad red face and bright flowered jerkin.

"Nay, Dad!" she had cried, teasing him thus, "I'll help thee save thy pennies to-morrow, but to-night I'm of another mind, and will have such a lighting up in One Tree Inn the rustics will come running from Coventry to see if it be really ablaze. There'll not be a candle in any room whatever without it's own little feather of fire, not a dip in the kitchen left dark! So just save thy breath to blow them out later."

"Thou'l light no more I tell thee!" blustered the old fellow, trying to reach the spill which the girl held high above her head. "Give over thy foolishness; thou'l light no more!"

"Ay, but I will, then," said she wilfully, "an' tis but just to welcome Darby, Dad dear. Nay, then," waving the light and laughing, "don't thou dare catch it. An' I touch thy fringe o' pretty hair, dad—thy only ornament, remember—'twould be a fearsome calamity! I' faith! it must be most time for the coach, an' the clusters in the long room not yet lit. Hinder me no more, but go enjoy thyself with old Saddler and John Sevenoakes. I warrant the posset is o'erdone, though I cautioned thee not to leave it."

"Thou art a wench to break a man's heart," said Thornbury, backing away and shaking a finger at the pretty figure winding fiery ribbons and criss-crosses with her bright-tipped wand. "Thou art a saucy wench, who doth need locking up and feeding on bread and water. Marry, there'll be naught for thee on Christmas, and thou canst whistle for the ruff and silver buckles I meant to have given thee. Aye, an' for the shoes with red heels." Then with dignity, "I'll snuff out some o' the candles soon as I go below."

"An' thou do, dad, I'll make thee a day o' trouble on the morrow!" she called after him. And well he knew she would. Therefore, it was with a disturbed mind that he entered the sitting room and went towards the hearth to stir the simmering contents of the big copper pot on the crane.

John Sevenoakes and old Ned Saddler, his nearest neighbours and friends, sat one each side of the fire in their deep rush-bottomed chairs, as they sat at least five nights out of the week, come what weather would. Sevenoakes held a small child, whose yellow, curly head nodded with sleep. The hot wine bubbled up as the inn-keeper stirred it and the little spiced apples, brown with cloves, bobbed madly on top.

"It hath a savoury smell, Thornbury," remarked Saddler. "Methinks 'tis most ready to be lifted."

"'Twill not be lifted till Deb hears the coach," answered Sevenoakes. "'Twas so she timed it. 'On it goes at nine,' quoth she, 'an' off it comes at ten, Cousin John. Just when Darby will be jumping from the coach an' running in. Oh! I can't wait for the hour to come!' she says."

"She's a headstrong, contrary wench as ever heaven sent a man," put in Thornbury, straightening himself. "'Twere trouble saved an' I'd broken her in long ago."

"'Twas she broke thee in long ago," said Saddler, smiling and rubbing his knotty hands. "She hath led thee by the ear since she was three years old. An' I had married now, an' had such a lass, I'd a brought her up different, I warrant. Zounds! 'tis a show to see. She coaxes thee, she bullies thee, she comes it over thee with cajolery and blandishments an' leads thee a pretty dance."

"Thou art an old fool," returned Thornbury, mopping his face, which was sorely scorched. "What should thou know of the bringing up of wenches? Thou—a crabbed bachelor o' three score an' odd."

Sevenoakes trotted the baby gently up and down, a look of troubled apprehension disturbing his usually placid features. His was ever the office of peace-maker between these two ancient cronies, and he knew to a nicety the moment when it was wisest to try and adjust matters.

"'Tis well I mind the night this baby came," he began retrospectively,

looking up as the door opened and a tall young fellow entered, stamping the snow off his long boots. "Marry, Nick! thou dost bring a lot o' cold in with thee," he ended briskly, shifting his chair. "Any news o' the coach?"

"None that I've heard," replied the man, going to the hearth and turning his broad back to the fire. "'Tis a still night, still and frosty, but no sound of the horn or wheels reached me though I stood a-listening at the cross-roads. Then I turned down here an' saw how grandly thou had'st lit the house up to welcome Darby. My faith! I'll be glad to see him, for 'tis an' age since he was home, Master Thornbury, an' he comes now in high feather. Not every lad hath wit and good looks enough to turn the head o' London after him. The stage is a great place for bringing a man out. Egad! I'm half minded to try it myself."

"I doubt not thou wilt, Nick, sooner or later; thou art a jack-o'-all-trades," answered Thornbury, in surly tones.

Nicholas Berwick laughed lightly and shrugged his well-set shoulders, as he bent over and touched the child sleepily in old Sevenoakes' arms.

"What was't I heard thee saying o' the baby as I came in; he is not ailing, surely?"

"Not he!" answered Sevenoakes, stroking the moist yellow curls. "He's lusty as a year-old robin, an' as chirpy when he's awake, but he's in the land o' nod now, though his will was good to wait up for Darby like the rest of us."

"He's a rarely beautiful little lad," said Berwick. "I've asked Deb about him often, but she will tell me naught."

"I warrant she will na," piped up old Ned Saddler, in his reedy voice. "I warrant she will na; 'tis no tale for a young maid to be repeating. Be shrew me! but the coach be late," he wound up irrelevantly.

"How came the child here?" persisted the young fellow, knocking back a red log with his foot. "An' it be such a tale as you hint, Saddler, I doubt not it's hard to keep it from slipping off thy tongue."

" 'Tis a tale that slips off some tongue whenever this time o' year comes," answered Thornbury. "I desire no more Christmas Eves like that one four years back. We were around the hearth as it might be now, and a grand yule log we had burning, I mind me; the room was trimmed gay an' fine with holly an' mistletoe as 'tis to-night. Saddler was there, Sevenoakes just where he be now, an' Deb sitting a-dreaming on the black oak settle yonder, the way she often sits, her chin on her hand—you mind Nick!"

"Ay!" said the man smiling.

"She wore her hair down then," went on Thornbury, "an' a sight it were to see."

"'Twere red as fox-fire," interrupted Saddler, aggrieved that the tale-telling had been taken from him. "When thou start'st off on Deb, Thornbury, thou know'st not where to bring up."

"An' Deb was sitting yonder on the oak settle," continued the innkeeper calmly.

"An' she had *not* lit the house up that year as 'tis now—for Darby was home," put in Saddler again.

"Ay! Darby was home—an' thou away Nick—but the lad was worriting to try his luck on the stage in London, an' all on account o' a play little Judith Shakespeare lent him. I mind me 'twas rightly named, 'The Pleasant History o' the Taming o' a Shrew,' for most of it he read aloud to us. Ay, Darby was home, an' we were sitting here as it might be now when the door burst open an' in come my lad carrying a bit of a baby muffled top an' toe in a shepherd's plaid. 'Twas crying pitiful and hoarse, as it had been long in the night wind.

"'Quick, Dad!' called Darby, 'Quick,' handing the bundle to Deb, 'there be a woman perished of cold not thirty yards from the house.'

"I tramped out after him saying naught. 'Twas a bitter night an' the road rang like metal under our feet. The country was silver-white with snow, an' the sky was sown thick with stars. Darby'd hastened on ahead an'

raised the wench up in his arms, but I just took her from him an' carried her in myself. Marry! she were not much more to lift than a child.

"We laid her near the fire and forced her to drink some hot sherry sack. Then she opened her eyes wild, raised herself and looked around in a sort o' terror, while she cried out for the baby. Deb brought it, an' the lass seemed content, for she smiled an' fell back on the pillow holding a bit of the shepherd's plaid tight in her blue fingers.

"She was dressed in fashion of the Puritans, with kirtle of sad-coloured homespun. The only bright thing about her was her hair, and that curled out of the white coif she wore, golden as ripe corn.

"Well-a-day! I sent quickly for Mother Durley, she who only comes to a house when there be a birth or a death. I knew how 'twould end for there was a look on the little wench's face that comes but once. She lived till break o' day and part o' the time she raved, an' then 'twas all o' London an' one she would go to find there; but, again she just lay quiet, staring open-eyed. At the last she came to herself, so said Mother Durley, an' there was the light of reason on her face. 'Twas then she beckoned Deb who was sitting by to bend down close, and she whispered something to her, though what 'twas we never knew, for my girl said naught—and even as she spoke the end came.

"Soul o' me! but we were at our wits' end to know what to do. Where she came from and who she was there was no telling, an' Deb raised such a storm when I spoke o' her being buried by the parish, that 'twas not to be thought of. One an' another came in to gaze at the little creature till the inn was nigh full. I bethought me 'twould mayhap serve to discover whom she might be. And so it fell. A lumbering yeoman passing through to Oxford stood looking at her a moment as she lay dressed the way we found her in the sad-coloured gown an' white coif.

"'Why! Od's pitikins!' he cried.

'Marry an' Amen ! This be none but Nell Quinten ! Old Makepeace Quinten's daughter from near Kenilworth. I'd a known her anywhere !'

"Then I bid Darby ride out to bring the Puritan in all haste, but he had the devil's work to get the man to come. The lass had shamed him he said, and he had turned her out months before. She was no daughter o' his he swore—with much quoting o' Scripture to prove he was justified in disowning her.

"Darby argued with him gently to small purpose ; so my lad let his temper have way an' told the fellow he'd come to take him to One Tree Inn, an' *would* take him there dead or alive. The upshot was, they came in together before nightfall. The little wench was in truth the old Puritan's daughter, and he took her home an' buried her. But for the child, he'd not touch it.

"'Tis a living lie !' he cried. "'Tis branded by Satan as his own ! Give it to the Parish or to them that wants it, or marry, let it bide here ! 'Tis a proper place for it in good sooth, for this be a public house where sinful drinking goeth on an' all worldly conversation. Moreover I saw one Master William Shakespeare pass out the door but now—a play actor, an' the maker o' ungodly plays. 'Twas such a one who wrought my Nell's ruin !'

"So he went on an' more o' the sort. Egad ! I had the will to horse-whip him, an' but for the little dead maid I would. I clenched my hands hard and watched him away ; he sitting stiff atop o' Stratford hearse by the driver. Thus he took his leave, calling back at me bits o' Holy Writ," finished Thornbury grimly.

"And Debora told naught of what the girl said at the last ?" asked Nicholas Berwick. "That doth seem strange."

"Never a word lad, beyond this much—she prayed her to care for the child till his father be found."

"By St. George ! but that was no modest request. What hadst thou to say in the matter ? Didst take

the heaven-sent Christmas box in good part, Master Thornbury ?"

"Nay, Nick ! thou should know him some better than to ask that," said Saddler. "Gadzooks, there were scenes ! 'Twas like Thornbury to grandfather a stray infant now, wasn't not ?" rubbing his knees and chuckling. "Marry ! I think I see the face he wore for a full month. 'Twill go to the Parish !' he would cry, stamping around and speaking words 'twould pass me to repeat. 'Here be a kettle of fish ! Why should the wench fall at *my* door in heaven's name ? Egad ! I am a much-put-upon man.' Ay, Nick, 'twas a marvellous rare treat to hear him."

"How came you to keep the child, sir ?" asked Berwick, gravely.

The innkeeper shrugged his shoulders. "'Twas Deb would have it so," he answered. "Thou knowest her way, Nick, when her heart is bent on anything. Peradventure, I have humoured the lass too much, as Saddler maintains. But she coaxed and she cried, an' never did I see her cry so before, such a storm o' tears—save for rage," reflectively.

"Well put !" said Saddler. "Well put, Thornbury !"

"Ever had she wished for just such a one to pet, she pleaded, an' well I knew no small child came in sight o' the inn, but Deb was after it for a plaything. Nay, there never was a stray beast about the place, that it did not find her and follow her close, knowing 'twould be best off so.

"Well do I mind her cuffing a big lad she found drowning some day-old kittens in the stable—and he minds it yet I'll gainsay ! She fished out the blind wet things, an' gathering them in her quilted petticoat brought them in here a-dripping. I fecks ! she made such a moan over them as never was."

"Ay, Deb always has a following o' ugly, ill-begotten beasts that nobody wants but she," said Sevenoakes. "There be old Tramp for one now—didst ever see such an ill-favoured beast ? An' nowhere will he sit but fair on the edge o' her gown."

"He is a dog of rare discernment—and a lucky dog to boot," said Berwick.

"So, the outcome of it, Master Thornbury, was that the little lad is here."

"What could a man do?" answered Thornbury, ruefully. "Hark!" starting up as the old housekeeper entered the room, "Where be the lass, Marjorie? An' the candles—are they burning safe?"

"Safe, but growing to the half length," she answered, peering out of the window. "The coach must a-got overtipped, Maister?"

"Where be Deb—I asked thee?"

"Soul o' me! then if thou must know, Mistress Debora hath just taken the great stable lantern and gone along the road to meet the coach. 'An' thou dost tell my father I'll pinch thee, Marjorie!' she cried back to me. 'When I love thee—I love thee; an' when I pinch—I pinch! So tell him not.' But 'tis over late an' I would have it off my mind, Maister," ended the woman.

"Did Tramp go with her?" asked Berwick, buttoning on his great cape and starting for the door.

"Od's pitikens, yes! an' she be safe enow. Thou'l see the lantern bobbing long before thou com'st up with her."

"'Tis a wench to break a man's heart!" Thornbury muttered, standing at the door and watching the tall figure of Berwick swing along the road.

The innkeeper waited there oblivious of the fact that a light snow was powdering his scanty fringe of hair—white already—and lying in sparkles on his bald pate and holiday jerkin. He was a hardy old Englishman and a little cold was nought to him.

The night was frosty and the "star-bitten" sky of a deep fathomless purple. About the inn the snow was tinted rosily from the many twinkling lights within.

The great oak, standing opposite the open door and stretching out its kindly arms on either side as far as the house reached, made a network of shadows that carpeted the ground like fine lace.

Thornbury bent his head to listen. Far off sounded the ripple of a girl's laugh. A little wind caught it up and it echoed—fainter—fainter. Then did his old heart take to thumping hard, and his breath came quick.

"Ay! they be coming!" he said half aloud. "My lad—an' lass. My lad—an' lass." He strained his eyes to see afar down the road if a light might not be swaying from side to side. Presently he spied it, a merry will-o'-the-wisp, and the sound of voices came to him.

So he waited tremblingly.

Derby it was who saw him first.

"'Tis Dad at the door!" he called, breaking away from Debora and Berwick.

The girl took a step to follow, then stopped and glanced up at the man beside her. "Let him go on alone, Nick," she said. "He hath not seen Dad close onto two years, an' this play-acting of his hath been a bitter dose for my father to swallow. In good sooth I have small patience with Dad, yet more am I sorry for him. I' faith! I would that maidens might also be in the play. Judith Shakespeare says some day they may be—but 'twill serve me little. One of us at that business is all Dad could bear with—an' my work is at home."

"Ah, Deb!" he answered; "thy work is at home, for now."

"For always," she answered, quickly; then, her tone changing, "think'st thou not, Nick, that my Derby is taller? An'did'st note how handsome?"

"He is a handsome fellow," answered Berwick. "Still, I cannot see that he hath grown, Deb. He will not be of large pattern."

"Marry!" cried the girl, "Derby is a good head taller than I. Where dost thou keep thine eyes, Nick?"

"Nay, verily then he is not," answered the other; "thou art almost shoulder to shoulder, an' still as much alike—I saw by the lantern—as of old, when save for thy dress 'twas a puzzle to say which was which. 'Tis a reasonable likeness as thou art twins."

Debora pursed up her rosy lips.

"He is much taller than I," she said, determinedly. "Thou art no friend o' mine, Nicholas Berwick, an' thou dost cut three full inches off my brother's height. He is a head taller, an' mayhap more—so."

They were drawing up to the inn now, and through the window saw the little group about the fire, Darby with the baby, who was fully awake, perched high on his shoulder.

Berwick caught Deb gently, swinging her close to him, as they stood thus in the shadow of the oak.

"Ah, Deb!" he said, bending his face to hers, "thou couldst make me swear that black was white. As for Darby, the lad is as tall as thou dost desire. Thou hast my word for't."

"Tis well thou dost own it," she said, frowning, "though I like not the manner o' it. Let me go, Nick."

"Nay, I will not," he said, passionately. "Ah, Deb, be kind; give me one kiss for Christmas. I know thou hast no love for me; thou hast told me so often enough. I will not tarry here, Sweet; 'twould madden me—but give me one kiss to remember when I be gone."

She turned away and shook her head.

"Thou know'st me better than to ask it," she said, softly. "Kisses are not things to give because 'tis Christmas."

The man let go his hold of her, his handsome face darkening.

"Dost hate me?" he asked.

"Nay, then, I hate thee not," with a little toss of her head. "Neither do I love thee."

"Dost love any other? Come, tell me, Sweet. An' I thought so!"

"Marry, no!" she said. Then with a short, half-checked laugh, "Well—Prithee but one!"

"Ah!" cried Berwick, "is't so?"

"Verily," she answered mockingly. "It is so in truth, an' 'tis just Dad. As for Darby, I cannot tell what I feel for him. 'Twould be full as easy to say were I to put it to myself, 'Dost love Debora Thornbury?' 'Yea' or 'Nay,'

for, Heaven knows, sometimes I love her mightily—and sometimes I don't; an' then 'tis a fearsome 'don't,' Nick. But come thee in."

"No!" answered Berwick, bitterly. "I am not one of you." Catching her little hands he held them a moment against his coat, and the girl felt the heavy beating of his heart before he let them fall, and strode away.

She stood on the step looking after the solitary figure. Her cheeks burned, and she tapped her foot impatiently on the threshold.

"Ever it doth end thus," she said. "I am not one of you," echoing his tone. "In good sooth no. Neither is old Ned Saddler or dear John Seven-oakes. We be but three; just Dad, an' Darby, an' Deb." Then, another thought coming to her. "Nay four when I count little Dorian. Little Dorian, sweet lamb,—an' so I will count him till I find his father."

A shade went over her face but vanished as she entered the room.

"I have given thee time to take a long look at Darby, Dad," she cried. "Is't not good to have him at home?" slipping one arm around her brother's throat and leaning her head against him.

"Where be the coach, truant?" asked Saddler.

"It went round by the Bidford road—there was no other traveller for us. Marry, I care not for coaches nor travellers now I have Darby safe here! See Dad, he hath become a fine gentleman. Did'st note how grand he is in his manner, an' what a rare tone his voice hath taken?"

The handsome boy flushed a little and gave a half embarrassed laugh.

"Nay, Debora, I have not changed; 'tis thy fancy. My doublet hath a London cut and is of different stuff from any seen hereabout, and my hose and boots fit—which could not be said of them in olden times. This fashion of ruff moreover," touching it with dainty complacency, "this fashion of ruff is such as the Queen's Players themselves wear."

Old Thornbury's brows contracted

darkly and the girl turned to him with a laugh.

"Oh—Dad! Dad! thou must e'en learn to hear of the playhouses, an' actors with a better grace than that. Note the wry face he doth make, Darby!"

"I have little stomach for them and their follies, i'faith, albeit my son be one of them," the innkeeper answered, in sharp tone. Then struggling with some intense inward feeling, "Still I am not a man to go half-way, Darby. Thou hast chosen for thyself, an' the blame will not be mine if thy road be the wrong one. Thou can'st walk up-right on any highway, lad."

"Ay!" put in old Saddler, "Ay, neighbour, but a wilful lad must have his way."

Soon old Marjorie came in and clattered about the supper table, after having made a great to-do over the young master.

Thornbury poured the hot spiced wine into an ancient punch-bowl, and set it in the centre of the simple feast, and they all drew their chairs up to the table as the bells in Stratford rang Christmas in.

Never had the old inn echoed to more joyous laughing and talking, for Thornbury and his two old friends mellowed in temper as they refilled their flagons, and even added to the occasion by rendering each one a song, Saddler bringing one forth from the dim recesses of his memory that related, in seventeen verses and much monotonous chorus, the love affairs of a certain Dinah Linn.

The child slumbered again on the oak settle in the inglenook. The fire-light danced over his yellow hair and pretty dimpled hands. The candles burned low. Then Darby sang in flute-

like voice a carol, that was, as he told them, "the rage in London," and, afterwards, just to please Deb, the old song that will never wear out its welcome at Christmas-tide, "When shepherds watched their flocks."

The girl would have joined him, but there came a tightness in her throat, and the hot stinging of tears to her eyes, and when the last note of it went into silence she said good night, lifted the sleeping child and carried him away.

"Deb grows more beautiful, Dad," said the young fellow, looking after her. "Egad! what a carriage she hath! She steppeth like a very princess of the blood. "Hark! then," going to the latticed window and throwing it open. "Here come the waits, Dad, as motley a crowd as ever."

The innkeeper was trimming the great lantern and seeing his neighbours to the door.

"Keep well hold of each other," called Darby after them. "I trow 'tis a timely proverb—"United we stand, divided we fall."

Saddler turned with a chuckle and shook his fist at the lad, but lurched dangerously in the operation.

"The apples were too highly spiced for such as thee," said Thornbury, laughing. "Thou had'st best stick to caudles an' small beer."

"Nay, then, neighbour," called back Sevenoakes, with much solemnity,

"Christmas comes but once a year, when it comes it brings good cheer—'tis no time for candles, or small beer!"

At this Darby burst into such a peal of laughter—in which the waits who were discordantly turning up joined him—that the sound of it must have awakened the very echoes in Stratford town.

To be Continued.

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PHOTO BY FOWLER, EVANSTON

MAUDE ADAMS

SOME PROMINENT PLAYERS.

By Katherine Hale.

THERE has been virtually no theatrical season in Canada this year. It has been a "supplementary"—a sort of after-math, which, following the quiet winter of national mourning, has brought before us late in the season some of the bright stars. Sothern has already appeared in "Hamlet," and by the end of April, when this article is in print, we shall have had the opportunity of seeing such artists as Mr. E. S. Willard, Richard Mansfield, and others of like excellence.

In a review of the present theatrical season one fails to find any new stars in particular prominence, but many familiar favourites have been seen in Shakespearean drama, in historical productions, and in romantic melodrama, the three most popular play forms of the day. With what is an embarrassment of riches before one it is a difficult matter to select a limited number of the most conspicuous players of the day; yet a magazine article must of necessity be saved from undue length, and the ten actors, a brief sketch of whose



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BERNHARDT AS L'AIGLON

personality and work is given below, have been chosen because they are believed to be the figures who have attracted most attention in the past year, because, as before stated, many of them have appeared in Canada later in the season, and because they are men and women who stand for what is highest and most progressive in dramatic art.

The American tour of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Monsieur Constant Coquelin, who are now acting together for the first time in twenty years,

is a most important event, for in the first place they present a combination which is unusually strong, and in the second place they appear in the famous "L'Aiglon" of Rostand, a play which the critics tell us has struck a new dramatic note, and has proved to be the greatest production of the season. "L'Aiglon" has caused much comment, but "Cyrano de Bergerac," in which Bernhardt plays "Roxane" to Coquelin's "Cyrano," is no whit less popular than it has been for the last two seasons, and so far as Monsieur Coquelin is concerned, he has a much better chance to display his gifts in the role of "Cyrano" than as "Flambeau" in "L'Aiglon." Nevertheless "L'Aiglon" is the greater play—it is one of the greatest plays of the nineteenth century.

Briefly, it is historical of the revolutionary days of 1830, and tells the story of the young Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon, who was known as "L'Aiglon," or the "Eaglet," and who, when the play opens, is living in a state of "half servitude and moral bondage" at the Viennese Court. Metternich, "to whom after England had seized the Eagle, the Eaglet has been given in charge," conceals from the boy all knowledge of the history which Napoleon had made; yet the young Duke is haunted by the visions of his father's fame. He feels the force of a great incentive which urges him to live up to this inheritance, yet shrinks from initiative because fearing a personal incapacity to perform the tasks awaiting him. The play exposes an enterprise which had for its object the abduction of the youthful prisoner on whom the eyes of Europe rested so anxiously, and it is an historical fact that such an attempt was made. A play containing many strong scenes, there is perhaps none more impressive than that in the fourth act where

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PHOTO

SOME PROMINENT PLAYERS

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"L'Aiglon" stands on the battlefield of Wagram, which stretches out before the eye, half lost in mist and half discernible; a plain of darkness and of desolation from which the dying voices of the victims of war arise confused and awful. There is here great scope for imagination and feeling: a situation which is taken advantage of to the utmost by Bernhardt, who in the character of "L'Aiglon" reaches the summit of her genius in revealing her own matchless power of interpretation and her ability as a

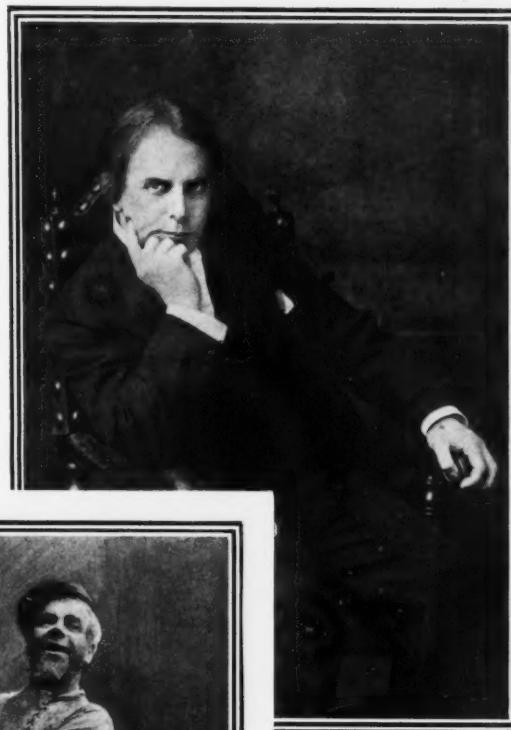


PHOTO BY SARONY, NEW YORK

MR. WILLARD

profound student of psychology. She makes of the feeble-framed "L'Aiglon" a visionary yet fervent and heroic figure, and creates a role which must stand pre-eminent among the characters in modern drama.

In commenting on the excellent balance of parts obtained in the association of two artists of such different temperament and genius as Bernhardt and Coquelin, it may be interesting to recall the fact that although Bernhardt is, of course, Parisian by birth and in-

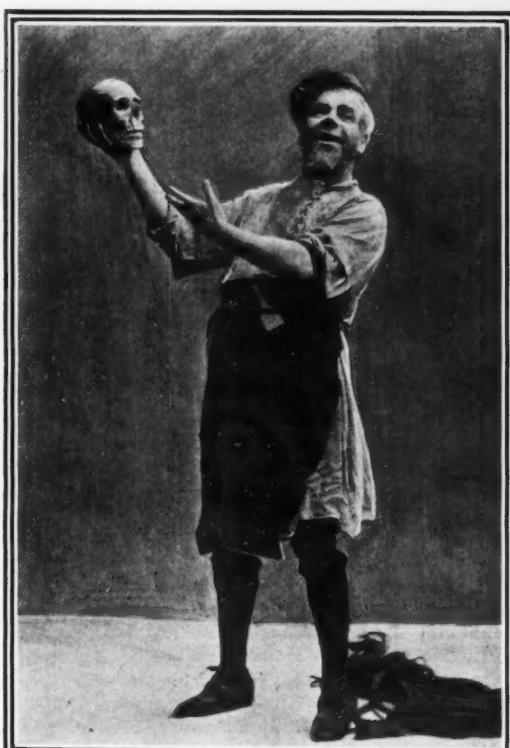


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COQUELIN AS THE GRAVE-DIGGER

tensely French in feeling, hers is the strange combination of Jewish and Dutch blood, which perhaps accounts for her many-sided nature and the versatility of her art. She has shown the force of her character in a steady overcoming of obstacles, physical and temperamental, and has added, within the last few years, a greater strength and

become as popular in America as he has always been in his own country, and his appearances are greeted with much enthusiasm.

In the matter of physical strength Bernhardt has a vast advantage over Maude Adams who, playing "L'Aiglon" simultaneously with her of course challenges comparison; yet it is largely a comparison of youth and maturity, for both are artists in the best sense of the word and are strangely alike in some important respects. From the gay, childlike, appealing "Babbie" to Bernhardt may seem a far cry; but the Frenchwoman, too, began her career as a comedienne of exquisitely delicate method, and the gift of Maude Adams seems to contain the germ of much that is the full flower of art in Bernhardt.

Decades of experience, which means advantage, has, however, gone into the art of the one, so that what in her is supreme versatility, is only a quick comprehension on the part of the other, and the "Eaglet" of Bernhardt becomes a representation of tragedy, while that of Adams reaches only to a sympathetic pathos. The French actress can play a part requiring the exhibition of great bodily weakness and play it to the life, while still keeping her strength in reserve.

The American, on the other hand, exhibits physical weakness, and has been criticized because she illustrates literally. Yet if Bernhardt makes herself the living symbol of the role she undertakes, Maude Adams is symbolic, and the best of all qualities has been given her—an inspired realness.

Few actors are more deservedly



PHOTO BY SARONY, NEW YORK

ADA REHAN

restraint to her work: at the same time a nervous abandon is always characteristic of her acting, so that the combination with Coquelin, in whom steadiness and concentration are habitual, is a very happy one. Coquelin has risen by sheer merit from "a hard-working bourgeois" to be the leading comedien of the French stage. He has

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popular than is E. S. Willard, who has always presented the purest and most elevated drama, and by his strong personality and wonderful acting has caused the plays of his choice to become popular plays. His last visit to America having ended in an unfortunate siege of illness, his appearance is creating much enthusiasm, and "David Garrick" is greeted with full houses. During the present season Mr. Willard has presented, besides "David Garrick," "The Professor's Love Story," "Tom Pinch," "The Middleman," and "The Rogue's Comedy," all of which have been given during former American tours.

"Tom Pinch," founded upon Charles Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," is the least known, but not the least interesting of these plays. The dramatization is said to be a very faithful reproduction of the novel, and while much of the story must unavoidably be left out, the dialogue is so true to Dickens, and the action so perfectly contrived, that one might almost believe the adaptation to have been made by the great novelist himself.

Mr. Willard, who has so greatly the gift of sympathy, and whose acting always makes such a powerful appeal to the emotions, is at his best in the impersonation of "Tom Pinch," that "ungainly, awkward-looking man," the self-effacement and the modesty of whose unselfish nature are truthfully and beautifully brought out in Willard's noble conception of the part.

Another star whose light has been hidden for some time is Ada Rehan, who re-appears as "Nell Gwynne" in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," a comedy in four acts by Paul Kester.

Nell Gwynne, that famous "orange girl" of dramatic ambitions and such rare beauty, who, getting into the good graces of Charles II led His Majesty and the court such a lively dance, is well known as the heroine of many

songs and stories, and is, if report speaks true, ideally treated at the hands of Miss Rehan, who is making a great success of the character.

An interesting comparison may be instituted in the appearance in entirely



PHOTO BY ROSE & SANDS, NEW YORK

MANSFIELD AS HENRY V.

new roles for them of two most conspicuous figures in the theatrical world, Edward H. Sothern in "Hamlet," and Richard Mansfield in "Henry V." Shakespeare, always being "revived," has been attempted more ambitiously



PHOTO BY ROSE & SANDS, NEW YORK

VIOLA ALLEN AS DOLORES DE MENDOZA

and successfully the last few months than at any time in America in recent years, so it is to be hoped that the success of these recent experiments will result in more Shakespeare than we have had of late. "Henry V" may be termed a "revival" in every sense of the word, for not since 1879 when Rignold undertook its presentation has it been placed in any important sense of the word before the public, while "Hamlet" has proved a constant favourite. The success of Mansfield has, notwithstanding, been unqualified in this play, which has little drama in it compared to its poetic and spectacular features. The public, however, love a spectacle, and in this case there is no less skill than magnificence in the production. The crowds and the scenery do not get

in the way of the action, so that Henry, standing in the midst of realistic and dramatic scenes of war, is an imperial mouth-piece for the utterance of those beautiful speeches too seldom heard from the dramatic stage. Of course it takes a large physique to carry off the big and warlike character of "Prince Hal," and Mansfield with his slight frame has to contend with serious disadvantage; then he has identified himself almost entirely with cynical or sarcastic characters, and the open-hearted and spontaneous Henry was a new departure, so the role being out of his natural line, Mansfield had to call on his resources and accomplished the great feat of getting inside a part opposed to his natural bent. Sothern on the other hand, while his is the perfect play dramatically, is hampered by his scenery, which breaks the swift action by long waits.

His "Hamlet" is, however, such a wonderfully strong and intelligent piece of work, that this, the first appearance in Shakespeare, seems a prophecy that his great capacity for improvement may go on from good to better, and that he will finally leave a name in "Hamlet" to live after him. Unlike Mansfield in "Henry V," Sothern has every temperamental aid in his enactment of the melancholy Dane; all the nervous intensity of his acting comes to his aid, and naturally he fits the part like a glove, while in appearance he is the ideal "Hamlet."

Turning from historical representations we seem to meet the crest of the present wave of romantic melodrama which is sweeping over the country. Three of the most successful plays of

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SOME PROMINENT PLAYERS

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the season, in each of which a bright particular star is shining, are, "Janice Meredith," with Mary Mannerling in the title role; "Richard Carvel," in which John Drew is playing "Richard;" and "In the Palace of the King," where Viola Allen is making a great hit as "Dolores de Mendoza."

Yet for all its present vogue, there are signs which say that the day of adaptation to the stage of the popular people of the book world is on the wane; this in spite of the fact that the three plays mentioned are, perhaps.



PHOTO BY SARONY, NEW YORK

MR. JOHN DREW

the most popular successes of the season. Of the three, "Janice Meredith" is the most expertly dramatized, and the personal triumph of Mary Mannerling as "Janice" is never for a moment in doubt.

For several years at the head of the Lyceum Theatre Company, Miss Mannerling has never before found a role so wonderfully suited to her peculiar temperament; all the power of youth, the skill in comedy, the tender piquancy which are her own, have gone to make



PHOTO BY SCHLOSS, NEW YORK

E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET

her picture of "Janice" a delight; here, much more than when she undertakes the representation of a woman of society, her own best gifts find play; she wears muslin as gracefully as silk, and, as the English country maid, she makes a bewitching vis-

cided kind. The dramatization is not so clever as that of the Ford novel, the piece being scarcely worthy of the ability of the star, nor is Mr. Drew in all respects perfectly suited to the principal character; but in general boldness of treatment, in earnestness,



MARY MANNERING AS JANICE MEREDITH

ion, as we see her, on her first appearance, coming down a rosy path of hollyhocks in the garden of her home.

In Mr. L. Rose's version of "Richard Carvel" Mr. John Drew has also won a personal success of a very de-

and force, his "Richard" leaves nothing to be desired, and the character has "caught" with the public, so that the star is playing every night to audiences which are remarkably enthusiastic.

Viola Allen, who was so popular as "Glory," the heroine of "The Christian," is repeating her success of last year as "Dolores," in "The Palace of the King," a play adapted from the popular novel by Marion Crawford. It is said that Mr. Crawford had her in his mind when he wrote the story, which accounts for the remarkable similarity in appearance between the heroine of the novel and the drama. In character the art of the actress has caused the resemblance to be continued, and Viola Allen is the veritable

Spanish Dolores—beautiful, spirited and intense.

The great talent as well as the personal beauty of this actress have won her an enviable position in her profession; but she is, best of all, a woman who throughout her career on the stage has exerted a powerful influence for good, because in her own life she has illustrated the fact that it is quite possible for an actress to retain all the dignity of her sex and at the same time to become, in the truest sense of the word, a popular success.

THE DRAMA IN EUROPE.

MR. CLYDE FITCH, the American playwright, who has lately returned from a prolonged European trip, gives an interesting sketch of dramatic conditions on the Continent and in England during the past year, in a recent number of the *New York Times*. In Paris, Mr. Fitch was not much impressed with the plays of the present season. Paris has been particularly lifeless of late in the drama, he says. Rather curiously ignoring "L'Aiglon," in which Bernhardt has been the great attraction of the year, he writes :

"Not a single really serious play has been attempted there this season. Everything is light, farcical, and ephemeral. I suppose the Parisians knew what provincial visitors expected to find in the playhouses of the wicked capital, and they provided accordingly. I saw no exceptionally attractive plays in Berlin, either, although Sorma is still drawing enormous audiences by her splendid work."

In regard to Austria, Russia, and the Scandinavian countries, he says :

"In Vienna the drama seems to have reached the zenith of its glory. The people are theatre-mad. Every house is jammed nightly and new theatres are being built. The two

state theatres are, of course, the centers, and the city is wild over two new female stars that have recently risen there. I cannot recall their names, but their work is superb. Both, I think, are destined to follow in the footsteps of Duse, whose influence, by the way, is most marked all over Europe. The Vienna theatres, as far as the setting and working of scenery go, I think among the finest in the world. Some of the settings are most elaborate. In one house, for instance, I saw an extensive garden scene in which every flower, plant, and tree was real.

"In St. Petersburg, the regular season had ended when I arrived, but I attended several performances. All were French importations throughout, being nothing but Paris road companies. The Russian theatre in every respect seems far inferior to that of most European countries. The theaters are barnlike structures with poor acoustic properties, and little attention seems to be given to the accessories. This seems odd when it is considered that the members of the Russian aristocracy are inveterate playgoers.

"Of course, one would not expect much in the Scandinavian cities; but with a dearth of good actors the thea-

tres of Stockholm, Christiania, and Copenhagen stage their attractions with a care and taste not excelled in Europe. These splendid stage-scenes with poor performers are almost pathetic. In Stockholm, for instance, I saw a splendidly staged version of the ancient 'Magic Flute.' The prima donna was an elderly woman with a voice and technique of other days. She sang 'Queen of the Night' in a hard technique that reminded one of a piano-organ that had lost its tone. The audience went wild with enthusiasm. After the performance several of the native critics said to me, exultingly: 'What do you think of it?'

"It is the finest scenic production of the opera that I have ever seen," said I.

"Ah, but what of Mme. —?" they insisted. Then they went on patriotically to praise their country-woman in extravagant terms. 'Melba was here last year,' they said. 'She sang well, but, ah, not like our Mme. —.'

"Sweden has recently turned out

a great singer, however, in Mme. Ackte, now the leading prima donna of the Paris Opera."

As for England, Mr. Fitch says that he did not see any transcendent stage successes:

"About the most popular play there now is 'Sweet Nell of Old Drury,' in which Julia Neilson is starring at the Haymarket. She is getting packed houses. Strangely enough, this play was written many years ago by an American, and was performed in this country many times by Rhea. Marie Tempest is doing very well in her Nell Gwynne play. English managers are suffering seriously for the want of good leading women. Competent women seem to be next to impossible to procure. The rising dramatist there now seems to be Stephen Phillips, a young poet, whose work gives promise of great things. One of his plays, 'King Herod,' is now being rehearsed (it has since been acted) by Tree's company. The leading woman will be an American actress, Maude Jeffries."

TO COUNT TOLSTOI.

THOU brave old hero, standing on the brink
 Of that strange, higher life where dreams unfold
 Their grand eternal truths, and gently mould
 Our yearning souls, ere we can trembling think
 Of daring those high paths which angels shrink
 From treading; paths which lead to joys untold,
 Where we at last triumphant shall behold
 In life's long fettering chain the final link.

And they who persecute thy closing years,
 Who would destroy thy dauntless liberty,
 Of them we can but say, "Poor timid fools;"
 The light they cannot see for blinding fears
 Just make them what they are, unwilling tools,
 To help thee to thine immortality.

Alban E. Ragg.



OPEN AIR MEMORIAL SERVICE IN FRONT OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C., ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1901.—PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

WHERE WEST IS EAST AND EAST IS WEST.

By Agnes Deans Cameron.

TO the Island of Vancouver falls the honour of sending up the last minute-gun salute, the last funeral prayer to the sacred memory of our great and good Queen. From the point where "St. Paul's queen-dirging note the city's heart hath smote," following the sun did the dread message speed till at Esquimalt it reached the western limit of the Empire. And, not from London to the "last, least lump of coral," north, south, east, west, in farthest corner of the Seven Seas can there be found a spot more loyal than this westernmost city which bears the name of Her Most Gracious Majesty.

In the city of Victoria all classes mourned; business was suspended, schools, offices and public departments closed their doors, and in eloquent silence the city rested. In its cosmopolitan character our loyal city by the sea epitomizes the Empire. It was a

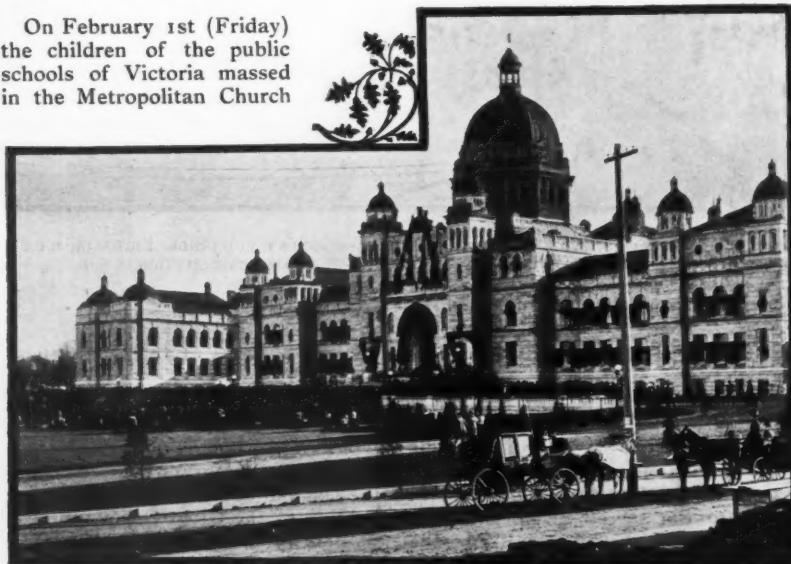
typical Victoria crowd which gathered around the telegraph offices reading the last sad bulletins which told of the Passing of the Great Queen: bronzed soldiers in khaki; blue-jackets from Esquimalt; Canadian levies from their barracks, types of those who at Paardeberg and the Modder gave their all for Britain; Chinese; Japs; the bowed with age, whose childhood days were spent on English meadows; and those of us of the next generation, who, born in the outposts of the Empire yet "learned from our wistful mothers to call old England home," and among all these, here and there the inscrutable face of an Indian. What was the tie, strong and yet invisible, which in this far-off corner of the Queen's dominions so closely bound together the units of the diverse community so that but one thought, a deep heart-felt grief, held us all? To the stranger who asks the question the same answer comes from

lands remote and near wherever floats the Flag—How did the Queen draw to herself the hearts of her people? By that threefold cord of love, dignity and tenderness which was all her own, and which in its binding and unifying force was so strong that beside it the powers of the more tangible bonds of law and force seem but ropes of sand. *Sentiment* merely? Ay, sentiment; 'tis such sentiments which hold the world together.

On February 1st (Friday) the children of the public schools of Victoria massed in the Metropolitan Church

persed the largest community of children ever gathered under one roof in Canada west of the Rockies.

Next day (Saturday, the 2nd of February) was observed as a day of general mourning throughout the city. In the Chinese quarter the dragon-flag was half-masted, all traffic ceased, the Chinese mourning colours, red and white, were everywhere apparent.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT VICTORIA, B.C.—PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

building to the number of 2,500, to pay their last sad tribute to the memory of the Queen. The Mayor presided, and the children were addressed by the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, the venerable Sir Henry Joly de Lotbiniere, who dwelt in his own simple and forceful style upon the one lesson of the Queen's life, rigid adherence to duty—"We must do the thing we ought before the thing we may." The old, old hymns "Nearer My God, to Thee" and "Rock of Ages" closed the impressive service; and with the benediction was dis-

In the morning, services were held in all the city churches, the capacity of the buildings being taxed to accommodate the worshipping crowds.

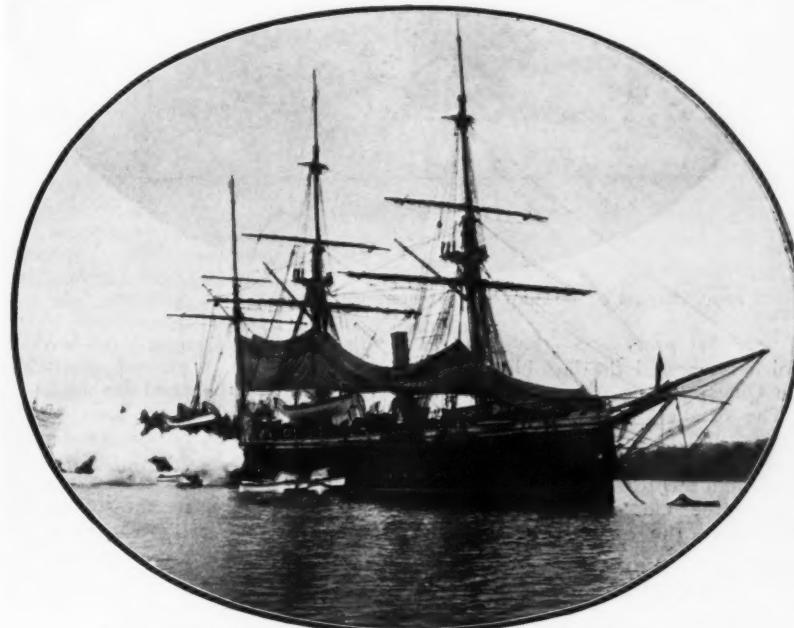
At Esquimalt H.M.S. *Egeria* fired her salute of eighty-one minute-guns. Members of the Army and Navy attended church services in a body.

Over on the Indian Reserve, Chief Johnny George for twenty-four hours held a weird Lodge of Sorrow for the "Delate Hyas Tyhee" (Exalted Chieftainess) dead across the water.

But "the" feature of the memorial services was that great open-air gath-

ering on the green sward in front of the Provincial Parliament Buildings on Saturday afternoon. At a conservative estimate 20,000 people took part in the impressive ceremony; all Victoria city was there, from the surrounding rural districts the people flocked in, and a large contingent came by special train from the city of Nanaimo. The initiative of this great gathering came from the people themselves, it being the outcome of the wish of the Federated Benevolent Societies.

Regimental Band.
Fifth Regiment, C. A.
City Police.
Mayor and Aldermen in Carriages.
Members of School Board in Carriages.
City Police.
Marshal.
Alexandria Lodge, S.O.E.
Pride of the Island Lodge, S.O.E.
Milton Lodge, Sons of St. George.
Victoria Lodge, K. of P.
Far West Lodge, K. of P.
Victoria Aerie, F.O.E.
Post No. 1, Native Sons of B.C.
Columbia Lodge, I.O.O.F.
Dominion Lodge, I.O.O.F.



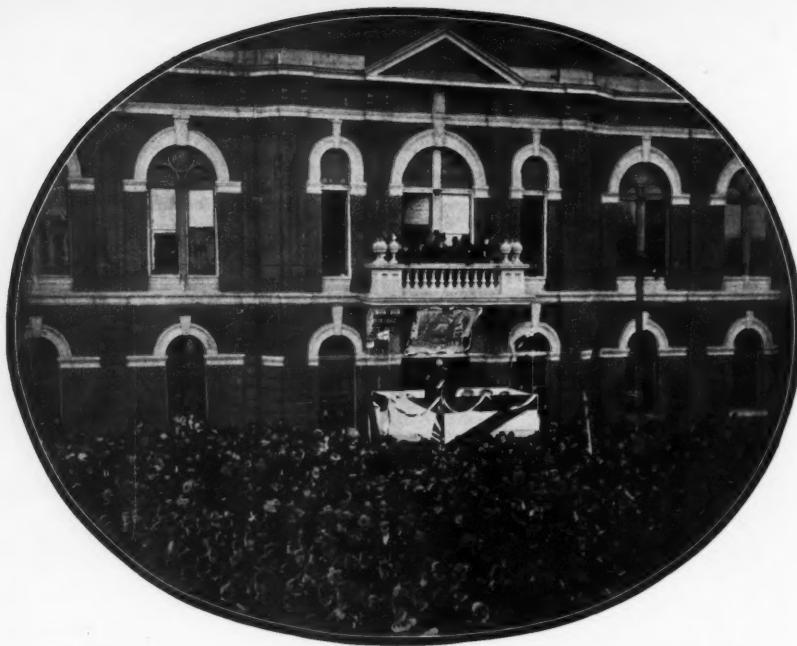
H.M.S. EGERIA FIRING A SALUTE OF 81 GUNS IN ESQUIMALT HARBOUR ON
FEBRUARY 2ND, 1901

The services were impressive in their simple dignity. The weather, which for half a century and more we have delighted to call "Queen's weather," made it possible for these gathered thousands to remain in the open air (the men uncovered) for the greater part of that mid-winter afternoon, with no appreciable discomfort.

The order of this vast procession, perhaps the largest ever seen in British Columbia, was as follows:—

Peerless Lodge, I.O.O.F.
Victoria City Band.
Fernwood Lodge, C.O.O.F.
Loyal Dauntless Lodge, C.O.O.F.
Benevolent Association (Coloured).
Loyal Orange Lodges.
St. Andrew's and Caledonia Society.
Sir William Wallace Society.
A.O.U.W. Lodges.
Court Cariboo, I.O.O.F.
Court Victoria West, I.O.O.F.
Court Northern Light, A.O.F.
Court Vancouver, A.O.F.

Sadly were the citizens reminded



PROCLAMATION OF EDWARD VII. IN FRONT OF THE CITY HALL, VICTORIA, B.C.

of our last procession—the gala one which celebrated the last birthday of the Queen on the 24th of May, 1900.

The speakers of the day were the Mayor, the Lt.-Governor, the venerable Bishop Cridge, the Rev. Elliot Rowe and the Rev. Leslie Clay.

After the eloquent tributes were concluded, the gathered thousands,

with bared heads, sang “Abide With Me,” and then dispersed after the benediction of the aged Bishop.

From the Parliament Buildings to the City Hall the crowd wended to hear the City Clerk read the proclamation of the accession of King Edward VII. So ever the old order giveth place to the new.

THE WAY OF BEAUTY.

WHO brings a thought of self to Beauty's shrine,
Or jealous envy, by so much the less
Shall feel within his soul her deep impress—
Shall thrill at quaffing of her mystic wine.
For Beauty takes no thought of mine and thine,
But wasteth wide in wanton loveliness :
And only thus, in self-forgetfulness,
Shall any taste with her the life divine.

O happy he whose heart doth full respond
To Beauty's radiant spell—wherever wrought !
He hath a pleasure finer than all thought,
That instant as the touch of fairy wand
Makes rich the world for him—whate'er his lot—
E'en tho' perchance a homeless vagabond.

LIFE IN LUMBERING AND MINING CAMPS.

A PLEA FOR REFORM.

By *Alfred Fitzpatrick*.

LIFE in the lumbering and the mining camps of Canada is dull and deadly. Gambling, whiskey and disease relieve the monotony, but bring their own reward. The camps need reading rooms, libraries, and sanitary inspection. In certain parts of Northern Ontario experiment has been made with buildings suitable for reading and entertainment. During the past winter three buildings were fitted up and supplied with tables, chairs, books, papers and games. Eight more will be erected at once by lumbermen who have recognized the advantage to their workmen. It is hoped that the movement will soon become general.

At the recent session the Ontario Government appropriated \$1,200 for the purchase of books to be distributed among the backwoods townships and the camps. This will be a great boon to the lumbering men and the miners. About sixty-five per cent. of these are able to read and write, and for their needs reading camps will perhaps suffice. For the other thirty-five per cent., however, the system will require extension. This portion of the workmen must be taught to read and to write. The common school did not reach them in time, and a university extension course is beyond their needs. But they must be taught and a system is required, working up to more advanced books and more advanced instruction for the sixty-five per cent. who have already mastered the elements. Only by some such system can the dual-language difficulty and the saloon evil be overcome. The educational system must be extended so as to envelop the illiterate adult in unorganized municipalities.

The indispensable necessity in order to the success of this provision is the

appointment of some one specially qualified to supervise the work in each camp. If the State is unwilling to bear the expense, and the philanthropically disposed cannot be induced to do so, the duties of curators and instructors could be imposed upon the Cullers. In time the standard of education could be raised to the passing of an examination for at least a third-class teacher's certificate, or graduation from a School of Forestry. This need not rule out the practical Cullers who now fill the office, but apply only to those who hereafter aspire to the position. Failing this, I see no reason why energetic and self-respecting teachers should not go to the saw-mills, lumber and mining camps, earn their \$26.00 a month and board, and conduct evening classes. One strong character in each camp would work wonders. This, too, would put a premium on efficiency in the profession of Cullers, encourage the study of Forestry, and be a great help to the woodmen and miners. Should this prove impracticable, the medical men, students or graduates, whose services are hereafter to be required at camps, should be given the task of conducting evening classes.

Travelling libraries of carefully chosen books are a step in the right direction. There is just one danger that must be carefully guarded against—namely, the spreading of contagious diseases. This danger will shortly be greatly lessened by sanitary regulations and Government inspection. In the meantime safety lies in one of two courses: either in purchasing cheap editions in paper covers and sending more of them to be used at the camp to which they are first sent only, or by sending a powerful disinfectant with each box of books.

The unsanitary condition of the camps is the great enemy of the travelling library. For the last few months the exchange of books has been practically impossible, owing to the outbreak of small-pox. The number of cases of dysentery and enteric fever in not a few of the camps last fall was most appalling. I shall refer to one camp only. An average of seven to nine men every day was confined to the sleep-camp during six weeks. In addition about twenty per week had either gone to the hospitals or to their homes. A pool of vile refuse lay near the cook-camp, and tainted the air most viciously. The spring from which water was supplied to the camp bubbled up a few rods below. The foreman—a quiet, thoughtful, kind-hearted fellow—told me that he was quite discouraged. Calling his attention to the fact that this spring must be polluted from the cook-camp, stables, etc., I suggested that he should have a drain dug to carry off the poisonous soakage. I even offered to assist in doing so, and had almost won when the clerk, a clever young fellow, but no expert in sanitary science, turned the scales by saying that do what you would dysentery was a disease that always followed camps. This is a similar argument to that another tried to convince me with, that because two men had been killed within a month by logs rolling off a skidd-way, unhappily no uncommon occurrence, the camp at which it happened was a very unlucky one. It is on this account that in a report published on Feb. 5th, copies of which were forwarded to every member of the Provincial Legislature, I ventured to characterize the neglect to provide sanitary regulations and Government inspection of camps as criminal. This provision has since been fully met by the passing of a comprehensive Act respecting sanitary regulations in unorganized territories.

Now that the necessary legislation has been passed, the Board of Health, knowing as it does the danger of bad water and bad ventilation, will doubtless lay down sanitary regulations and provide

for the inspection of camps. The lumbermen who, with very few exceptions, are a manly, humane lot of men, devoted to what they know to be the best interests of their men, will be glad to co-operate in this matter. Regarding the difficulties with which foremen have to contend in being forced to play the part of physician, surgeon and nurse, and to turn a sleep-camp of ninety men into a hospital, we are greatly to be blamed. Allow me to refer to the case of my good friend Foreman X, by way of illustration. On one occasion when a boy had his leg badly cut and no doctor was nearer than 35 miles, I urged my claim to a slight knowledge of surgery and proceeded to bandage the wound in such a manner as to prevent the bleeding until the young man could be taken to the hospital at Sudbury. Mr. X, being foreman, had the floor and insisted that he should dress the wound. Not being prepared to treat it antiseptically, I thought it well to take second place and give Mr. X what assistance I could while he put nine stitches in the wound. However, I succeeded in getting the boy started to the hospital, but having to pass his home, his mother who was not a believer in modern surgical methods, vetoed the hospital scheme. As she decided to remove the stitches and apply poultices I could do nothing more than hope for the best results under the circumstances. In spite of the absence of antiseptic treatment, fortunately the wound healed in five weeks.

But my good friends the foremen are not always so fortunate in attaining favourable results. This is not to be wondered at when even the best surgeons occasionally come to grief. About a year ago, Mr. B., a fine, hearty Highland-Scotchman, had his leg cut, and if I am not mistaken fell into the hands of my friend X. This gentleman, like all other noble-hearted foremen, did all he could for Mr. B., putting several stitches in the wound, and improvising a bandage from very crude material. Unfortunately the camp proved a poor hospital, the oft-breathed atmosphere tainted with the

odour of floors filthy with the tobacco refuse and phlegm from a hundred busy mouths, to say nothing of a hundred wet overalls and boots, and several hundred wet socks, was rather depressing. The spirits of the patient went down and his temperature up, and the wound showed signs of poisoning. Mr. B. decided that he would undertake the journey and consult a physician. This gentleman did all that a justly angry surgeon could do under the circumstances. The patient not being satisfied with the progress of the wound went to the hospital, and despite the careful treatment of the Sudbury staff he has grown gradually worse.

All this is very sad, and the saddest part of it is that this is not an exceptional case, but one of a great multitude of neglected wounded who fall in a battle worthy of all honour.

This is no reflection on my friend X, nor on any of the foremen who do what they can for their men, but on our neglect which occasions this condition of things. Lumbermen and their foremen are not supposed to be familiar with the latest results of scientific investigation. This practice being forced upon Mr. X, he frankly regrets his lack of surgical skill. Being delighted to hear this admission, and seeing signs of a desire to improve his surgical knowledge, I have sent him copies of the "St. John's Ambulance Lectures," and "South's Household Surgery." This is very little in return for the use of his rifle and compass. In view of the fact that the medical profession is over-crowded in our towns and cities this is lamentable indeed. Would it not at least partially solve the problem if our Medical Councils were to give students the option of spending the fifth year of their course in the camps? This would be a god-send to the woodmen and miners, and a blessing to the students. They would have an invaluable experience, and a chance of earning a little money. Each man could be in close touch with the nearest hospital, and could reach one, two or more camps as occasion

would require. This would be infinitely more humane than spending the same time in the hospitals of a city and attending a fifth series of lectures in a Medical College. Besides, at this particular stage in the student's course, would not the actual practice, being compelled to operate independently, be of the greatest possible value? This, of course, would not be necessary if enough fully fledged medical practitioners can be induced to go to the camps.

Now that the Ontario Government, the universities of McGill and Queens, and the Canadian Club of Toronto, have undertaken to supply libraries, and lumbermen are volunteering to build reading camps, it remains the privilege of churches, temperance organizations and individuals to co-operate, and supply papers, magazines, tables, stoves, pictures, chairs and games. In cases where lumbermen and miners fail to build accommodation of this sort for their men, it would be an excellent investment to supply it free at every camp in the land. Surely this would deal a more effective blow at the liquor traffic than has yet been struck. Temperance workers will sooner or later learn that the saloon affords a common meeting ground for these lonely men, that it therefore satisfies a universal god-given social instinct, and cannot be dispensed with until places for letter-writing, reading, entertainment and fellowship are substituted in its stead. We shall be long getting rid of the saloon by legislation alone. It seems impossible to make men moral solely by act of parliament. Access to the best literature, entertainment and social intercourse with his neighbours, will uplift the soul and inspire the solitary to newness and cleanliness of life.

Can we expect to be healthful and safe from contagion while any section of the community is neglected? The world is a unit, and no part of it lives unto itself. Disease-germs bred and nourished out in the fringes of civilization, come to us in hundreds of ways. The problem of exploiting our timber

and mineral wealth in a manner consistent with the maximum of material, intellectual and moral profit, and the minimum of disease, is a very difficult one, and ought not to be left wholly to the capitalist. We help our employers in other industries, in caring for the comfort, health and education of their men.

We share their taxes for reading, church and school accommodation. Why should we ask lumbermen and miners to bear the whole expense of much that is necessary to our own best interests as well as that of their men?

OUR FIGHTING VOCABULARY.

By *F. Blake Crofton.*

IF we Britons and Americans have set other people the good example of sometimes settling international disputes by arbitration we deserve especial credit for it. That Anglo-Saxons should have been first to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to arms is a signal triumph of Christianity and education over instinct. By nature we are sons of Thor, far too apt to be "spoiling for a fight," and cherishing "noble longings for the strife." And our language displays this trait of ours no less remarkably than our history. If our War Department is occasionally behindhand, our verbal arsenal is always full of shot and shell.

Archbishop Trench observed that the present meaning of the word "quarrel," coming as it does from a Latin term that meant merely a complaint, is deeply significant of the tendency of our race to make a grievance end in a fight. The same characteristic is illustrated by other derivatives also. But it is still more clearly shown in the fact that the English language, besides numberless other fierce and warlike terms, has more than a hundred expressions nearly or quite synonymous with "to beat" or "a beating," "a hit" or "to hit." And the number would be very much greater if one counted separately verbs and nouns which are identical in form or clearly derived the one from the other.

Turning our attention first to terms which, if in some cases "colloquial

and vulgar," are neither local nor obsolete, we find to thrash, trounce, maul, belabour, whale, wallop, smash, lick, beat, pound, drub: a blow, box, slap, rap, clip, crack, hit, cuff, buffet; to thump, bat, or batter, strike, smack, slog, punch, slate, whack, bang, smite, clout. When he is at fisticuffs, an Anglo-Saxon is wont to "floor" or knock down his adversary, besides doing many other unpleasant things the names of which are more slangy and will be noticed by and by.

Many such terms of aggression are highly and quaintly figurative. In fact, the Anglo-American imagination seems to riot and revel in finding tropes, playful or grim, for assault and battery. A Briton sometimes volunteers to give his neighbour a lacing, a jacking, a belting, or a dusting. With still greater apparent civility he offers to polish off a fellow-citizen, to give him a wipe across the mouth, a warming, a dressing, or even (according to the Slang Dictionary) a fanning or anointing. Sometimes he threatens, in a less benevolent but equally tropical guise, a basting, leathering, or tanning; sometimes a hammering, pommeling, or bamboozing (which in London gutter slang does not or did not necessarily involve the use of a bamboo cane). Other figures are much more bold and terrific, as to make one see stars, to knock spots out of one, or to knock one into a cocked hat, or into the middle of next week.

Besides those that belong exclusively to the prize ring, there are many purely slang equivalents for striking or thrashing. "Sock it into him," is a call to hit vigorously, known in the streets of both British and American cities. A hiding, a pasting and a whopping are probably understood wherever English is spoken. The Slang Dictionary is responsible for the following words and their meanings: buck-horse, a smart blow on the ear; a goosier, a blow that "cooks one's goose;" a nobbler, a hit on the nob, or a settler; a bellowser, a hit in the wind; a click, a knock or blow; a fer-ricadouser, a knock down (possibly derived from the Italian *far(e) cader(e)*), through the Lingua Franca—that fruitful source of thieves' and sailors' slang.

Americans have contributed largely to the common store of striking expressions. It is they who first threatened to put a head on (alias, "to erect a mansard roof" upon) a body. It is they who gave the verbs to whip and to flog the general sense of "to thrash." It is their roughs who menace you with a lambasting, a lamming and a chawing up—the latter operation in their parlance only occasionally involving cannibalism. The New York rowdy will undertake to punk an obnoxious citizen, to biff him, to fix him (or his "flint") to bust him in the eye or to mash him in the snoot. Sam Slick would sometimes threaten a self-complacent Blue Nose or a swaggering Britisher with a good quillin', but I have not seen or heard the term used in this hostile sense elsewhere. Angry Canadian youths (and possibly some youths elsewhere, for I do not profess to fix exact geographical limits to the localisms quoted) are wont to declare their determination to pound, pug or dig a teasing school or college mate. The last named term is pretty widely used in the phrase, "a dig in the ribs," and "pug" appears as puck in parts of Ireland.

Paddy, who is notoriously fond of a shindy, is not only familiar with most of the general pugnacious terms quot-

ed in this paper, but adds to them a number of his own invention, as for instance, a flaking, a flailing, and a kicking, for an Irish "kicking" may be given with the fists, or anything that comes handy. (He will also threaten you with a "riser," *i.e.*, a kick that will lift you up and send you flying.)

Many additions could doubtless be made to this brawling vocabulary by collecting all the synonymous provincialisms. Among these are cant (Kentish for a toss or blow); towel (Warwickshire), to beat; larruping, a thrashing; quelch, a blow (whence "squelch"); sisera, a hard blow, so called from the fate of Sisera. (This word appears as sisery in Sir Walter Scott.) Clour is Scottish for a heavy blow. It is said that there are professional bullies in London who, for a fee, will give a man a bashing (beating)—a term much affected by these gentry—and that their services are occasionally engaged by quasi-respectable citizens. Some years ago some London journals, by disputing over the truth of this allegation, well-nigh restored the old word to general circulation. It occurs in the West of England version of a familiar proverb :

A woman, a whelp and a walnut tree,
The more you bash 'em the better they be.

The word appears as "pash" in Shakespeare.

From time to time somebody adds another to the number of these synonyms—whether fearing that the existing dozens will soon grow threadbare from over-use, or already finding them too few for the duties they have to perform and growing monotonous from constant repetition. Every generation we coin new equivalents for hitting and thumping, recoin old ones, borrow others from our neighbours. It seems likely, therefore, that comparatively few such words go permanently out of use. Verberate (used by Arbuthnot), however, is perhaps quite obsolete; so is vapulation; and so is pulsation (in its old sense of a mild species of battery). "Pulsation," says Blackstone, "as

well as verberation is prohibited." Bobbing, which occurs in "Troilus and Cressida," as a synonym for beating, is never so used now. Fustigate, too, is obsolete, though fustigation has been used by Motley. Dint, in its sense of a hostile blow, though appearing in poets as late as Scott, is no longer current in conversation.

It is further significant that so many naturally peaceful expressions are capriciously assigned a hostile sense. To go for, to slip into (or "let slip at"), to walk into or sail into a person, are all sprightly equivalents for attacking him. To pay on, according to Webster, may mean to beat with vigour. If we heard the exclamation, "Give it to him!" or "Let him have it!" uttered by an unseen speaker, we might feel pretty confident that the neutral "it" implied, in such a connection, a hit of some kind or another.

Of the various names and paraphrases for a blow that belong by birth or adoption to the P.R. and the "fistiana" of sporting papers, a few have been already mentioned in other connections. Others are quite generally understood by the outside public, as for instance a right- (or left-) hander or a back-hander, a counter, a rib-roaster, a right or left hook. To "close his right peeper," to "rap his snuff-box," to "tap his claret," to pay marked attentions to his "potato-trap" or "bread-basket" or "snapper" or "snorter," to "send him to grass," or "on a visit to his mother" are mystic phrases to few of those readers of the newspapers who do not skip the sporting news. But I shall not attempt to enumerate all the ingenious metaphors of this kind, which are used to enliven the reports of "rattling mills."

This catalogue does not aim at being

complete, and it naturally excludes such mild and playful words as "nudge" and "fillip," which do not illustrate the hard-hitting character of our race. I have further omitted (except when a word also means to beat or a beating in a general sense) all terms signifying to hit with any specified weapon, as to pistol, poniard, cowhide, cudgel, etc., etc.; also terms indicating other special modes of striking, as stab, thrust, cut, pelt, hack, etc., etc.; also words implying beating for correctional ends only, as caning, trimming, spanking, pandying (Ireland), shingling (U.S.), swishing (England), etc., etc. The limited scope of this article is to show the large number of words and phrases in our language that imply striking in a hostile spirit, and with no specified instrument beyond a Briton's natural weapons, the fists. Lists of other aggressive and combative terms might be compiled which would further illustrate our quarrelsome instincts. The English names of all kinds of fights, frays and forays (from a woman's "clapper-clawing" to a pitched battle) would alone aggregate a hundred or more. A "shindy," a "struggle," "strife," a "scrimmage" or "skirmish," a "shine," a "set to," a "snarl" (provincial), a "spat" (U.S.), a "squabble," a "spar," all beginning with the same letter, occur to me without the aid of a dictionary.

With such a luxuriance of formidable and menacing terms, it is little wonder that the Britons are quite determined that they "never, never, never shall be slaves." For Britons have not been wont (and may they never become wont) to bluster or threaten without acting. The growls of the British bulldog are commonly only the preludes to his bites.

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A DREAM OF GREEK LETTERS.

By Professor Maurice Hutton.

IT was in the early days of last October when the maple leaf was red upon the tree, that the Irony of Fate, that theme of Grecian poet and English novelist, appeared to me more than usually ironical. I received an urgent solicitation to leave my Canadian University for a few hours and address a Greek-Letter Convention in the City of Syracuse, in the neighbouring State of New York.

The compliment appeared ironical, because I am the least and last of all Greek-Letter members, and am not worthy to be called a member, inasmuch as I am but a novice lately initiated; and because for more than forty years I knew little and thought less of these societies; and because in my own undergraduate days when, if ever, I should have profited by these ties, I belonged to an university, the University of Oxford, in which we possessed, no, not one of these American notions. We had a vague idea, indeed, if I recollect aright, that all secret societies were composed of Irish Fenians, Sicilian brigands, and Chinese Boxers; while so far as the American Universities were concerned, to tell the brutal truth, we had not so much as heard that there were Greek-Letter societies.

It was with perturbation of soul then that I received the summons, and on the receipt of it caught up my hat and hurried from our University Tower into our University Park to collect my thoughts and cool my head. And there I became yet more disconsolate; for as I stood amid that moving scene, and watched the different class-societies of our university, and the students of its different faculties, marching in serried array, with be-ribboned flaring clubs and bedizened blaring horns, with cat calls and with megaphones, to the football field; as I beheld, here the bicyclists scorching on the track, and

there the sophomores storming with successful valour the kopjes wherefrom floated the green flag of our freshmen, and exploding the wind-bag of their youthful conceit and fancied prowess; as I beheld all this I realized once again that this is the age of societies and organizations, of celebrations and of functions. More apprehensively than ever I remembered that I myself, a relic of the bygone age of individualism, a fossil remnant of the recluses whose timid souls shrank from all pomp and pageantry, from conventions of every kind and ceremonials, was myself to appear in a few days before a great society, and take part in an august ceremonial.

The thought unnerved me, and I sank upon a convenient rustic bench. And then—every Canadian will recollect how warm was the weather in early October—then somehow I became oblivious of my surroundings. The shouting of the “rooters” died away from out my ears, the puncturing of tire and tiro faded from my eyes, and I was back in the only society where I seem to be at home: the society of ancient Athens. A little while and even the strong scent of jockey-club from a bicycling couple on the adjoining bench gave place to a faint and sad and subtle fragrance of asphodel and of ambrosia and what the gods call “moly”; and I saw at my side a figure clothed neither in the padded canvas of my Canadian football students, nor yet in the rusty black of my respected colleagues, but in the graceful and the rich himation, which I recognized for Plato’s.

And then all was easy, and I knew what to do; I would get advice from him.

“I am a Professor of Greek,” I said, “and I am going to address a Greek-Letter society in the City of Sy-

racuse, and I don't know what to say. Tell me."

"I practised Greek myself," he began slowly, "and I did not profess it much, and I used to be the leader of most of the societies for promoting Greek Letters in my day, but"—and he seemed to blush a little—"I did not exactly succeed as a lecturer when I tried Syracuse."

I hastened to the rescue. "Oh, but this," I cried, "is not the same Syracuse, quite; this is in Atlantis."

"In Atlantis?" he said, scornfully; "there are no Greeks in Atlantis; what Greek would live beyond the cold Atlantic?"

"A Greek-Letter society," I humbly explained, "not a Greek society."

"They speak Greek, you mean," he answered, a little mollified, "but are not Greek born."

"They don't speak it all the time, not all of them, not yet," I stammered.

"Why not?" he asked sharply, "they can't speak better."

"No, they can't speak quite so well," I admitted, "but they have named their society with two Greek letters by way of a beginning; and some of them have even tried to read your *Apology*."

"These people, I misdoubt," he said severely, "honour me with their lips but their hearts are far from me."

I thought it best to turn the subject for a moment. "I am glad, Plato," I said, "that you have learned to quote the only work worth quoting, which has appeared since your own little book. But, believe me," I continued, "Syracuse is more Greek than you suppose. You would be disappointed, no doubt, at first, to find few traces of Greek except in the so-called 'sophomores'—a beautiful Greek relic is that name—but when you look beneath at the spirit, not the letter, of these societies, you will find some Greek spirit as well as many Greek letters; some attempt to conserve something of the spirit of Greek moderation; to strike a happy mean between the spirit of the sophists and philosophers who rule universities, the academic spirit as we

call it, and the spirit of the natural man, the man in the street, who makes up the majority of those frequenting them. Now our universities, Plato," I continued, "do a very good work; they make men independent-minded, not afraid to think alone and to stand alone, if they think alone; not afraid of unpopularity, ready to fight if occasion call 'for lost causes and for impossible loyalties,' even for the lost cause of Greek, for example, in education, and the impossible loyalty of the dead languages; nay ready, perhaps, in more serious things even, to plead with their own countrymen the cause of the enemy, if they really and reluctantly feel it to be just.

"But it has its besetting temptations, like every other virtue, this academic spirit; these academic sophists who rule universities and make the academic spirit, too soft-hearted some of them to understand the work-a-day competitive world; or like a morbidly anxious mother, too ambitious for her children's perfection, so sensitive to each defect in their countrymen as to magnify each foible which healthier minds ignore; too cold-blooded others by long solitude to retain natural affection; too captious some of them by ingrained habits of criticism to abstain from finding fault with all about them; too deeply soured others by personal disappointments to judge aright the broader questions of public life and public men; whatever be the cause, and there are many causes, these academic sophists are apt to pour cold water on their countrymen's enthusiasms; to damp their fellows' ardour; to distrust their country's cause; to follow with fretful criticism and in a grudging spirit its prosperity; nay, sometimes even to counsel submission to their country's enemy, and give away to him what is not theirs to give, the prospects and the heritage of their children, and call it 'magnanimity'; *αὐθεντία* as the 'little-Athenians' of your day called it."

"I was a little-Athenian myself," interrupted Plato softly.

I had always feared as much, but I

thought it better not to hear, and I continued: "Nay, sometimes even to call themselves by the high-sounding name of Cosmopolitan, when the truer title would have been 'the friends of every land except their own.' And so the great public outside the academic walls, resenting this academic criticism and these academic scruples, goes to the opposite extreme. 'My country right or wrong,' it cries; but at least it retains that healthy, natural instinct which leads a man to believe his country right, until he knows it wrong; to believe it wrong, if he comes to that conclusion, only with infinite reluctance, with measureless regret, upon the plainest evidence: that healthy natural instinct which leads a man to turn with pride and consolation, as the great Pericles used to say, from his private disappointments and his private cares to his country's triumph and expansion; to welcome with a keener relish, amid his personal bereavements, his country's festivals and anniversaries.

"And between these extremes—the academic temper and the popular—who mediates? Who else should mediate but the generous youth of universities, blessed with all the ardour and all the generosity of youth? all the ardour to learn and follow Truth at every cost, wherever it may lead, however rough the road, however sad the goal; and all the generosity which believes in its native land and in its country's cause; which loves with a warm and an undoubting love the fellow-countrymen whom it has seen, before professing to love the foreigners it has not.

"These are the natural mediators between the academic and the human, between gown and town: and of these mediators not the least important are these Greek-Letter societies: these societies which preserve for the student something of the social life of ancient Greece, which redeem the student from the secretiveness, the reserve, the fastidiousness, the unsympathetic and the carping criticism which the academic atmosphere develops; which keeps him sound-hearted, wholesome and still

human. For the very nature of our universities with their necessary examinations sometimes calls to the front, brings into prominence, the man who lacks natural interests, who is luke-warm, apathetic, passive, colourless, who submits himself to the lecturer's note-book, as the subject to the surgeon's-knife, without spontaneity; like an empty vessel to be filled up from the university hydrant in the shortest space of time and with the least interruption and disturbance from the streams issuing from other and competing hydrants. The very nature of our universities brings such one-sided men to the front, because they take the university ply more readily; and it increases their one-sidedness. They were secretive, morbid, solitary, critical to begin with: it makes them more solitary and more unsympathetic than before.

"But the Greek-Letter societies among others pour another stream into all vessels capable of receiving it, the stream of natural interests, of youthful pleasures and youthful ambitions, the stream of the milk of human kindness; and even some of the ancient follies and ancient rebellions of youth will seem to you less foolish when you see that some of them are prompted by nothing worse than camaraderie and good-fellowship. And especially is this good work done by those Greek-Letter societies, which have made light of the foolish secrecy of the original organizations; which have made little of the mere number of their adherents and of their geographical expansion; but which have made much of the even balance and conservatism of their ideals: which have not neglected the academic temper because they temper it; which have not become mere clubs of amateur and therefore second-rate athletes, because they love athletics; which have tried to conserve all that is sound in the academic life, the spirit of scholarship and truth-seeking, the spirit too, not less essential, of discipline and order and hard work, while adding thereto the other and the popular spirit of manly youthful interests and good fellowship;

which have cultivated equally the love of law and the law of love ; which have preserved upon the faces of their votaries alike the native hue of resolution and the pale cast of thought ; in a word, which have striven to reach the ultimate ideal, the ideal of the greatest of Athenian statesmen in his greatest speech, and to say with him φιλοσοφούμεν ἀνεν μαλαχίας "we are all scholars here, yet have not thereby ceased from being men."

Now all this time I had not forgotten Plato : I had watched him closely and he had seemed to me to nod his head gently at intervals as if in approbation of the more stirring passages of my eloquence ; but now I heard a sound which made me feel uneasy, and I touched him and said, "Are you satisfied now, Plato?" "Satisfied with what?" he murmured ; "your voice is very raucous and Cimmerian ; your language is deplorably barbarian and

un-Hellenic ; I heard you quoting Pericles and I closed my ears and eyes ; you ought to have remembered that I dissent from him. But what I want to know about these young gentlemen of your Greek-Letter societies is just this, do they even know their Greek alphabet ? "

I seized the opportunity presented. "Know their Greek alphabet!" I cried exultantly, "they know nothing better, they know nothing half so well ; it is ever on their lips ; it was never so loudly welcomed even in Attica itself ; they sing it in their songs, especially the two letters—"

But just then there came upon my lips another chestnut, an alien chestnut from the tree above, and broke my spectacles, and ended my dream and banished Plato ; and I awoke and found myself alone upon the bench in the Park, with the shades of evening closing round me.

THE LOST CARGO.

By Claude Bryan.

"I WAS only cook's boy at the time, but I wasn't a bit worse scared than the rest of them when the *Katie Douglas* tried to go to the bottom. Mates, that were a dreadful storm, and if it hadn't been for Piché, lor' knows where I'd 'a been this minute—singin' hymns maybe, but most likely not, for it were a hard lot that bunked in the fo'c'sl that there trip ; as hard a lot as ever I see.

"The *Katie Douglas* was a fore-and-aft schooner, and we were bound for Oswego with lumber. We crept out of Toronto harbour on a simperin' breeze, but we weren't out of the Gap an hour when a howlin' nor'wester made us take in our tops'l's. An' we had a load as was a load, I can tell ye —green lumber ! An' to make matters a durn sight worse, the stuff was bad-

ly loaded. Heavy sticks of squared timber piled up fifteen or twenty feet would make the *Tootonic* top-heavy, I'm thinkin' ; an' the *Katie Douglas* was a reg'lar mouse-trap drawin' a bare six foot."

Tom Marlin paused to light his pipe, but the habitués of the Sailors' Arms did not break the silence. This was partly because Tom had paid for the gin, and also because Marlin was a burly raconteur who made the pauses just as long as he liked, and fancied no voice but his own when he had the floor.

"An' it was Piché that done the trick," he continued. "Poor old Piché ; I wish I had him here now, for you bet I'd fill him up so full that he couldn't walk, an' drive him home in a hack. But, blast me, now as I come to think

of it, Piché didn't touch a drop. In fact, Piché didn't do nothin' of that sort, an' we all thought even swearin' was out of his line till that night of the storm. When he shipped with us we took him for a softy 'cos he didn't drink, nor smoke, nor chew, but, by the holy poker, he was just as good as the next one on a tops'l yard; an' when his big body slid down the companion into the fo'c'sl nobody passed any jokes upon Piché, whatever we might have said behind his back, for ye could tell by his eye he was a devil. He was a Frenchman, as ye can easy see by his name; and *sacré bleu!* he had a string of curses that long when at last the occasion came to use 'em.

"I'd seen some bad weather before that night, my hearties, but I never knew the water to get right up on its hind legs an' leer down at ye like a fiend on stilts. I saw a devil's face on the crest of every wave, an' the whistlin' of the shrouds made a moanin' like the damned. The gale came out of the north, an' while we had the wind over our quarter, we kept ahead of the seas. It blew us clean across the lake, an' we held her up to her work as long as the tiller would swing, dodgin' the trough for a spell. We had taken in all our canvas 'ceptin' a skimpy stays'l, an' the mizzen was reefed to about the size of a decent handkerchief. At first, the water we shipped went out by the port-holes; then it began to come down the hatch; an' at the last we had the pumps goin' for all they were worth. But all this was nothin' to what was to come. We'd all been hitched up to a pump before, and had had some narrow squeaks for our breath; but I swore, several times, that was to be my last trip on the *Katie Douglas*, for when the coffin had swamped a little water, she tried to duck under every wave, an' answered her helm like a deaf horse. She rolled like a bos'n ashore, an' I tell ye I was sick right here in the chest. Ye know what it's like comin' down fast on a swing, sort o' cold here. Well, every time the *Katie Douglas* lurched I said part o' my prayers—

what I could think of, an' all I could get out when that sinkin' feelin' had a grip on me."

Marlin took another mouthful from his mug, for his tongue had been runnin' fast.

"Once more she came up, an' once more I thanked God that I was spared. Then! over she heeled till we were all hurled against the lee bulwarks. A huge wave swept her from stern to stem, an' the lumber—the lumber! great heavens, it began to slide down that slippery hill of deck an' over the gunwale. It slipped, and slipped, slowly, and the *Katie Douglas* was held down on her beam ends like a dog by the nose. The two spars went by the board, an' the tangled riggin' held the raft of timber like a disabled catamaran.

"I b'lieve I said before that it was dark, pitch dark; if I didn't I meant to; an' there we were as helpless as I ever hope to be, drivin' ashore in a gale on a rotten schooner.

"The barque is done for," said the skipper, as he sent us from the pumps. "Let us pray to God that we don't go ashore before daylight."

"With the others, I crept down to the fo'c'sl—for I had some trinkets I wanted to save. Mates, I never saw such a crew. Fear had withered us all. Some prayed out loud, some sang snatches of hymns; the grimy cabin was like a nigger mission-room for croakin'. Two or three of us youngsters wept, but I don't think 'twas repentance.

"Then it was that Piché slid down the ladder. Great guns, I don't know when I've seen such a rage. He was fairly foamin' at the fangs. 'You shivering hounds of hades!' he roared above the psalms. 'I'm damned if you're not a pretty lot to face your Maker!'

"You should have heard how Piché took on, mates. Him as we supposed a parson in disguise or somethin'.

"Well anyways, when he got us to listen, an' that didn't take him long, for he had a peevy in his hand, he made us understand that he wanted us

to lower him over the side, an' that he would break the raft away. We thought he was foolin', though he didn't look like it, an' coaxin' as well as kickin' was wasted on us."

Piché crawled up the ladder with his peevy, groped his way across the deck to the dismantled timber and began his task alone. His youth had been spent in an Ontario lumber shanty, and with his cant-hook he deftly rolled the huge sticks. Manya time he had broken a jam on the river, but he had never faced a task like the one that now confronted him. For an hour he toiled while the others told their beads and sighed below. Now he worked from the ship's deck, now he climbed out upon the raft; back again to the deck. He was loosening her up. A gleam of success encouraged him. Some sticks of timber yet balked him. Down again he climbed upon the raft. The vessel was almost free. Once again he bent himself upon the cant-hook. Crash! A wave swept over the weather-bow of the schooner, and staggered him. But, the raft was floating; and there was the black hull of the *Katie Douglas* straightening up on the wave above him. He himself was drifting away on the raft. He shouted, shouted again, and then his voice was lost in the tempest.

Relieved of her cargo, the *Katie Douglas* bounded away in the darkness, and poor Piché was left without succour on a disjointed raft. The pitiless waves broke over him every minute almost drowning him, but still he clung to his log. The night seemed without end, and he was cold, cold, cold. Four hours passed away, and then the bleak dawn uncovered a low-lying shore

about a mile away. The sea was dropping and while he drifted nearer and nearer Piché gathered himself together for a final effort to escape the stranding timber.

At last he was near enough for his plan, and dragging himself to the farthest end of the few logs that remained, he cast himself into the surf and gained the shore. Then, overcome by his dreadful experience, he fainted.

When he recovered, Piché found himself between comfortable blankets and amid the kindly ministrations of a farmer and his family, who had seen him flung upon the beach. The raft had blown ashore near Oak Orchard on the south shore of Lake Ontario.

In a few hours his strength returned to him, and hurrying to the nearby railway station Piché telegraphed to the life-saving crew of Oswego that the schooner *Katie Douglas*, thither bound, was disabled but trying to make that port. Then he swung upon a passing freight train.

The schooner had not been sighted when he arrived at Oswego, but the life-boat was off in search of her.

Before evening, the *Katie Douglas*, battered and broken, weary and water-logged, crawled into the quay, and her line was caught by Piché, who had been through the valley of the shadow of death.

"That's the sort of stuff Piché was made of, maties," said Marlin, puffing up his pipe; an' when ye want to sail under a skipper as knows his business from A to Z, hang up your hammock on the revenue cutter *Sea Gull*—for ye could easy see that Captain Piché was bound for the top of the ladder from the very first."

QUATRAIN.

GOD is the poet paramount who writes
His thoughts in worlds across the azure blue;
In grand and glorious measures He indites
The seasons; and man's heart in *me* and *you*.

John Arbory.

FROM OUT OF THE NIGHT.*

By F. Clifford Smith.

SUDDENLY, and weirdly, from across the black wastes of mutinous waters, there fell upon my astonished ears as I sat quietly by the railing of the vessel in the rapidly gathering night, the mournful wail of a child. The cry had come with a sudden gust of wind and was heard but for a moment.

The inexplicable is ever prone to make apprehensive, and it was with something akin to superstitious dread that I involuntarily bent further over the vessel's side, and with tense nerves waited to hear if the cry would be repeated—surely my ears must have deceived me! But they had not; again, distinctly, if somewhat more faintly, above the noise of a fresh burst of wind, and above the conflict of waters, came once more a child's cry—and such a cry, full of the most heartbreak- ing pathos and wistfulness.

I sat like one spellbound and asked myself if it could be possible that at that moment I was in the gulf of the stormy St. Lawrence, the nearest shore lying many miles away.

Had my health been stronger I might not have been so much unnerved. I had come, a few days ago, from one of the teeming American cities, at a low ebb of health, to the quaint little French-Canadian village of Gaspé, with its fisher-folk and health-giving sea breezes, to recuperate. I was now returning to the village on a powerful little vessel from a short trip taken that morning, further down into the gulf.

As stated, the vessel was yet miles away from land when I was startled by the inexplicable wails. On the boat, beside me, there were but four sailors and the skipper.

Scarcely had the cry been repeat-

ed than I started to my feet, and as I did so, my eyes fell upon two seamen who had evidently just come up from below. They, too, must have heard the cry, for, turning in the direction from whence the sounds had come, I saw them make the sign of the cross upon their breasts and heard them mutter, "*Pauvre enfant, pauvre enfant.*" With concerned faces they then turned to their duties, paying no more attention to me.

Crossing the narrow deck of the vessel, I returned to the brightly lit, cosy little cabin where I found the skipper, a typical French-Canadian, fearing neither wind nor wave, loud of speech, generous of heart; but, like most of his class, a firm believer in signs and omens.

He must have seen as I sat down that I was perturbed, for he poured out some liquor and handed it to me. After I had taken it, he told me in his quaint broken English that I should not have stayed out on the deck so long, seeing I was an invalid; he feared I had taken cold.

I answered that I had not been cold while on deck, but had been startled, and I feared a little unnerved by a strange thing that had happened: in the freshening wind I had distinctly heard the wailing voice of a child.

In a moment his weather-beaten face took on a sobered expression; he, too, made the sign of the cross and whispered the words, "*Pauvre enfant.*" Noting my curious look, he quietly sat down and unfolded to my ears a story that for over two centuries has been believed in by the fisher-folk for hundreds of miles around Gaspé—and which is believed in by them to this day.

I shall not narrate the story as he

* A legend of the Lower St. Lawrence.

told it; but going back through the centuries, the reader shall see with me the dramatic happenings which, legend says, causes the heartrending childish cries that day are yet heard in certain weather off the coast of Gaspé in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

It had been unusual weather for the coast of Gaspé; although very late in the fall there had been a calm for ten days, and such a period of rest from storm, in this part of the country, was unusual even in midsummer. The vast expanse of water in front of the thinly populated village, which merged further down the gulf into the Atlantic, had been peaceful so long that the fisher-folk shook their heads and prophesied calamities ere long. The year was 1680.

In the twilight of the tenth day of the calm Father Larocque, the parish priest, who had but arrived in the district a week before, sat in a bare little room, behind the altar of the church, which he had fitted up as a kind of study, his chin resting on his hand, his eyes, a sombre look in them, fastened on the uncarpeted floor. Youthful as was his countenance, it was strangely lacking in the expressions of hope and brightness so attractive in youth. What marred the face was the too dogged chin and restless expression of the eyes—eyes, nevertheless, whose changeful colour betrayed, in spite of the harsh chin, the tense highly strung nature. Still, the face was not a strong one as was shown by the forehead; it was too low, and harmonized but ill with the massive lower features. The whole mould of the countenance, in brief, bespoke a nature of conflicting passions difficult of government.

The deepening twilight had almost merged into the more sombre shadow of night when a hasty knock sounded on the study door. Rising slowly Father Larocque lit a lamp and then opened the door; a fisherman's wife stood before him, and before he could enquire her errand she agitatedly told him an infant had been born, a little time since, to Madame Larivière, and

that it was at death's door and had not had baptism.

Believing, as the *habitants* did, that there was no hope of salvation for an unbaptized infant, the keen agitation and fear of the woman was explained.

As she had uttered the name Larivière, Father Larocque had started; but the start was followed by a skeptical impatient expression, and, after asking the woman where the sick woman lived (as stated, he had but newly arrived), he dismissed her. Going back into the study he hastily donned his hat, and was soon striding in the direction of the cottage, which stood high up on the bank of the River Madeline, close to where its waters emptied into the restless billows of the gulf.

Before he had walked very far he noted that a decided change had come into the night; the wind, which since his arrival in the country had been so dormant, was slowly rising, and was scudding over the quarter-face of the moon clouds ominous with rain. The heavier wash of the waters of the gulf, on his left, bespoke their unrest at approaching change.

The cottages, in this the infancy of the settlement, were comparatively few, and Father Larocque found the one described to him without difficulty. Opening the door of the cottage without knocking, he entered. In the small kitchen into which the door opened he saw, awaiting his arrival, the midwife of the district. An anxious look was on her face, and she said rapidly, as she pointed to a door: "You are just in time, Pere; it cannot live many minutes now. Marie be praised, you have come in time; its little soul will not be forever lost now!"

He uttered no comment, and entered the sick room. His office being a sacred one, the midwife did not follow.

The light in the sick room was burning low, and it was only very dimly that the young priest saw, wrapped in a bundle of blankets by the side of a woman on the bed, an atom of humanity, its face speaking of the hovering

of its spirit at the portals of the great unseen. The mother's face was turned from him.

Just at the moment he stooped to take up the babe, and give it the last rites that were believed to mean eternal happiness for it—or without them the loss of salvation—the sick woman became aware of a presence, and turned her face towards him. Their eyes met. He stood like one petrified, his arms remaining outstretched towards the infant. From the woman's lips there fell a faint exclamation. It reached the midwife's ears in the kitchen, and she moved restlessly. For what seemed an age to her she heard no more, and then again a muffled sound of voices reached her, the voice of the priest sounding deep and strange, while in the voice of the sick woman there seemed a piteous tone of pleading.

Suddenly the door of the bedroom opened and the young priest, with set mouth and face exhibiting intense excitement, strode swiftly through the kitchen and opened the street door. Just as it was closing behind him a mournful gasping wail from the sick-room fell upon his ears: the cry had come from the infant with the final flicker of life and was the last it would ever utter.

The weird wail aroused the midwife from the stupor that had seemed to possess her and she hastened into the bedroom; a sight met her eyes that she never forgot: the sick young mother was sitting up in bed, the dead infant clasped to her bosom, and she was crowing to it as though she herself were not desperately ill, and as though the little one had not already gone where her voice could never reach it.

Paying no heed to the buffettings of the wind, which was still increasing in strength, Father Larocque, his face exhibiting the most conflicting emotions, continued his way over the barren rocky road in the direction of the church, which was still some distance away; his steps, however, were not so

determined nor his air so resolute as when he had left the cottage. In the man, despite that which had soured his nature, with its natural bent to gloominess and hasty, passionate acts, was an earnest craving for strength to live down self and relieve suffering—hence haunting him now, and momentarily unnerving him, was the wailing cry of the infant that had reached him as he had left the cottage.

At last conscience triumphed, and when about half a mile from the church he abruptly turned and retraced his steps to the cottage.

Two hours later he was in his study once more pacing to and fro in a way that only too plainly betrayed the deepest agony of mind. The great remorse, now shown in his countenance, had taken away its youthfulness so that years would have been thought to have elapsed since he had been summoned to hasten and save an infant soul from being forever lost by giving it the blessing of the church. The hours wore slowly on and still backward and forward, and backward and forward, like some caged thing, he paced around the little study.

The wind which had been blowing with great violence from off the land towards the gulf, carrying great sheets of rain with it, began to veer rapidly and blow directly from the gulf, in a direct line almost from where the mouth of the River Madeline met it. Facing this direction was the one window in the study.

Presently the rain, answering the changed direction of the wind, smote suddenly against the window, while the voice of the shrieking wind, from its new quarter, filled the room. Had the storm caught upon its wings some direful anathema from the realms of the lost a more ghastly pallor could not have overspread the priest's face. In conscience-stricken terror he stood, with wide-open eyes, in the centre of the room gazing up at the window: distinctly to be heard in the storm and wind was the weird wailing of an infant's voice. The wail was woven in the very woof of the wind, wistful,

hopeless and terrible of import. He stood and listened and listened till he could endure no longer; suddenly clasping his hands to his ears he whispered, his eyes gleaming with fear and distress: "Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, the wail of the infant; its lost spirit has been sent to punish me for my great sin." Sinking to his knees he tried to pray in the hope that the retributive cry might be hushed. In his great remorse he cried aloud, but the sound of his voice, ringing through the little room, seemed but to blend and accentuate the mournful wail of agony and bring it out still more clearly from the other sounds of the storm.

Fearful of going out into the storm to the little cottage where he lived near the church, he fled from the study, his hands again pressed to his ears, into the church—surely in the sacred edifice the cry of the lost soul could not find an entrance! In vain the hope; the church, with its many windows, was echoing the mood of the night tenfold more distinctly than was being repeated in the small study. Now echoing near the door, now being whispered from one window, then from another and anon wailing among the statues around the altar, was the mournful cry that he would have given the world to have commanded to cease. Lying on the steps of the altar he listened and listened as the hours went by in a remorse and agony so great as to be beyond the power of reason, at any great length, to endure.

The dim light, which ever burnt before the altar, slightly revealed, and threw a ghostly light upon the prostrate, agonized figure.

The dull grey dawn still found him at the foot of the altar; the storm still blowing from the same direction and showing signs of increasing instead of diminishing fury. Still the hopeless voice whispered, moaned and wailed from dome, window and apse. Once or twice during the day, which was dark, almost as twilight, he raised his head, and looked in a wild, strange way towards the door of the church as though he would rise and flee; but each

time it seemed to him that the wail was more unearthly and accentuated, and he buried his head in his arms again.

So the day wore on and the gloom of more direful night reached out shadowy arms into the church. In front of the altar still glimmered the feeble light. Soon the blackness was so dense that the rays scarcely revealed the sufferer. The storm had now turned to a furious gale. Shrieking up from the wild gulf, the wind tore around the exposed, lonely church, filling the interior with unnumbered echoes; yet never so loud the voice of the gale or multiplied its echoes as for a moment to overwhelm the moan of childish agony so subtly woven in it.

For almost two hours after midnight he continued in horror to listen on, weak from the want of food, and benumbed by the cold, to the nemesis that he believed had been decreed of God, as it unceasingly wailed out from the pandemonium of other sounds. Finally, the limit of human endurance was reached, and, staggering to his feet, his face drawn beyond the power of words to paint, he ran stumbling from the church, out into the blackness of the revengeful storm, directing his steps towards the dense woods, which ran some little distance from the church, back far into the interior, ending where the settlers at this early time scarcely knew where.

When noon came the fury of the storm had all but spent itself. The wind had veered again, and the mournful cry was heard no longer. Later in the day a garment belonging to the priest was found a short distance from the church, and when he could not be found in the cottage, in his study, or in the church, the settlement was aroused—some mysterious and tragic happening while the storm had raged in the night was now feared and oppressed each heart. The searchers that day could get no trace of the missing man, but late the following afternoon footprints, that were supposed to be the priest's, were followed to the edge of the wood. The disturbed undergrowth then gave the trail, and Father La-

rocque was found half lying, half crouching at the foot of a great tree, almost two miles from where he had entered the wood. Wet and emaciated, he was still alive. But when his rescuers looked into his eyes their rejoicing ceased—there was no ray of reason in them. They crossed themselves in mute, mystified pity.

When they reached the village with him another sorrow was in store for them—Madame Lariviere had died, and was to be buried by the side of her infant. She had left two other little ones to be cared for by them; for her husband was at sea. But what unnerved them the most was the strange and dreadful story told them as to what had caused her death—a story affirmed to be true by the midwife who had attended her. As to what the cause, it made them shrink away from the babbling priest, whose reason grew no stronger with the passing days; still he was sheltered till the clerical authorities were notified in distant Quebec, who removed him to a remote monastery there.

He lived in the silence of the place for months, his flesh failing and failing till, so the legend is, till he became a living skeleton. Reason came to him but once, and that was a few hours before his death; but in the brief space he remembered all, confessed and received the pardoning grace of the church for the wrong which no time could ever undo.

In that whispered confession was the foundation of the legend, which has existed for over two centuries and which is yet firmly believed in by the fisher-folk of Gaspe.

The dying man confessed to having entered the church in Paris owing to a bitter disappointment in one he had loved several years before. She had been below his station in life. On the very day they were to have been married she had jilted him, flying with a man of her own walk in life. The truth had been broken to him as he had waited for her in the church. Bitterness had finally turned to a longing for revenge; finally, in the hope of living

down the misery of life, he entered the church as a novice and prepared himself for the life of a priest. For five years he had studied night and day, trying all the time by self-denying acts to find peace. At the end of the time he had been ordained and a few months ago had been sent, by the Bishop of Paris, to the little parish across the ocean at Gaspe. He had been glad to go to the far-distant place; in a new clime and with arduous work his hope had been that memory of her would cease. This hope, as all his hopes in life had seemed to be, had been futile. He confessed how, at the very moment when the fisherman's wife had gone to him in his little study at Gaspe, asking him to hasten and christen a dying infant, he had been brooding of the one who had been so faithless to him.

When he had stood in the sick room and the woman had turned her face to him from the bed at the moment he was reaching out his arms to take up the dying child, satan had entered into his soul—it was the face of the woman he had loved that was looking into his! The tumult of evil which had possessed him had dried up all pity and he had refused, despite all the mother's pleadings, to baptize the infant and save its soul. In a fury of rage he had turned from the cottage. A gasping wail had smote his ears just as the door of the cottage was closing behind him.

Before he had reached the church, however, the horror of his act had come fully home to him, and turning he had almost ran back to the cottage, praying all the way that he might not be too late to give the child baptism. But upon his return he had learned that the wail he had heard had been the last the child would ever utter.

Swift had been the retribution of God; from out of the sudden storm that had overspread the heavens had been repeated to him in that night of terror in the church, the hopeless wail of the babe; a wail, which he knew then, was from its lost soul as it strove in vain to find the rest which, by his sinful deed, it must seek for in vain.

Such was the confession, such the

end of the priest, and such the woof of the story told me by the French-Canadian skipper—in the cabin of his little vessel—of the wailing infant cry which had reached me, miles out in the gulf, from the direction of the River Madeline.

For the satisfaction of those who are curious it may be said that geological research in the vicinity of the mouth of the Madeline, has given a much less romantic explanation of the phenomenal childish moans heard far out in

the gulf during certain weather. It has been demonstrated that on the mainland, where the River Madeline joins the waters of the gulf, are great and wondrous caverns, and that the monster waves, as they rush into and ebb from them, create the most pathetic childish wails, which when caught up by the wind and carried out into the gulf, or when wafted landward, are inexplicable and often awe-inspiring in the extreme.

HISTORICAL PUBLICATIONS.

By Norman Patterson.

THE fifth annual volume of the University of Toronto Studies, reviewing the historical publications of the year, has been issued.* It contains notes on 170 books, monographs and articles published during 1900. There is more "perspective" in this volume than in any of its four predecessors. The reviewers have aimed at giving the special points or facts brought out by each writer, and have so united in their work that the product, considered as a whole, is harmonious. Professor Wrong and Mr. Langton, who are responsible for the general oversight and most of the reviews, are to be congratulated on the excellence of the volume. But once more, the writer would urge that each department should be prefaced by a general introduction summarizing the progress of investigation during the year. If this had been done from the beginning the general introduction would make a continuous narrative showing what had been accomplished in each field of research during the past five years. Take, for example, archaeology. If each year's review of new archaeological works had been prefaced by an introduction summarizing the progress of archaeology during the

year, a reading of the five introductions would give a splendid summary of the past five years' progress. Such a plan would bind the series together so as to increase the value of each and would make the volumes much more interesting to the general reader.

It seems almost incredible that such important work as is performed by this annual volume should have been left to the generosity of the Ontario Government, when it is properly the work of the Federal Government. The latter, however, has been somewhat unmindful of the value of historical investigation. It did aid Mr. Kingsford by a tiny subscription; it does aid the Royal Society and other organizations which are encouraging original research; it has established a half-starved archives branch; it does occasionally assist the author with a political pull; but no Government at Ottawa since Confederation has taken a broad view of the value of historical investigation.

If the Dominion authorities will not take up the work, it should be done by a Canadian historical Board consisting of representatives from all the Canadian universities, rather than by those of one university. The professors of history, economics and archaeology at Queen's, McGill, Laval, Dal-

*Toronto: William Briggs. Paper, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50.

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housie, Manitoba and other important universities should be asked to co-operate. A Nova Scotia professor should review the new historical publications relating to Nova Scotia, a New Brunswick professor those relating to New Brunswick, and so on. Because the University of Toronto has a professor whose enterprise has initiated so valuable a piece of work as this is no reason why the other universities should not be asked or should refuse to co-operate. It is work which is national in its character, and therefore should be nationally performed.

After these suggestions, offered in all modesty, the volume under discussion may be considered more closely. It opens with a review of the books and articles dealing with "Canada's Relations to the Empire." The most important book under this heading being Professor Davidson's "Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy"—a book, by the way, which reads as if it written by a politician instead of a professor.

The second division is entitled "The History of Canada," and is the most important division in the volume. The savage onslaught on some articles in an English review over the name of J. Castell Hopkins is somewhat unnecessary. His recent history of Canada has been badly received, even by those of his friends who stood stoutly by his previous works. This accusing him of being a purloiner of other men's work, of being hasty and inaccurate, is growing monotonous. All writers of this class should be passed unnoticed, as criticism is more likely to give them a standing than to make them abashed. Reviewing Smith, Elder & Co.'s "Dictionary of National Biography" J. S. Carstairs says :

"It is rather disappointing to find so many names of interest to Canadians missing in these volumes. One looks in vain for Sir George Yonge, a member of the Shelburne Ministry, the friend of Governor Simcoe, whose name is commemorated in Yonge Street, Toronto, or for Major-General Plomer Young, an efficient officer of the British troops, who commanded at the Windmill affair, Prescott, in 1838. The Seven Years' War suggests the names of Brigadier-General

Whitmore, associated with Wolfe in the taking of Louisbourg; and of Colonel John Winslow, associated with Moncton in the taking of Fort Beausejour, and more famous for the part he took in the deportation of Acadians—neither receives notice. Nor does the distinguished metaphysician, the Rev. George Paxton Young, nor, to go farther afield, the brilliant young journalist, John Robin Wilby, who founded the *Bengal Times*, and drank deep of the language and lore of the Indies, fare better at the hands of the editors. One would wish to learn something more of Sir William Winniett, a British-American, who after long service in the British navy became Governor of the Gold Coast and died in 1851; and of Major-General John Wilson, who was acting Governor-General of Canada in 1816. The services of Major-General Sir William Williams in the Peninsular War, or in the War of 1812-15 certainly deserve some space in any series of national biographies that make claims to completeness."

The same able reviewer walks off with the scalp of John Ross Robertson, ex-M.P., and historian of Canadian Freemasonry—two volumes, 2,200 large pages, weight 12 pounds. Mr. Carstairs thinks the style is too newspapery, and that the huge volumes contain very little about Freemasonry; the contents are historical and biographical, but without unity; the author has done too much to do it well. While admitting that Mr. Carstairs advances sound argument to abet his statements, one must confess a great admiration for the indefatigable industry and zeal of a Canadian "man of affairs" who could in the spare hours of a life-time succeed in compiling such a magnificent collection of facts.

Apparently during 1900 we have made few additions to the early history of Canada. Winship's Cabot Bibliography contains no new facts, although it gives a new estimate of Sebastian Cabot. N. E. Dionne's Roberval adds nothing, and "the gaps and obscurities remain as before." Gravier's Champlain is in the same class. Judge Girouard adds something in his "Supplément au 'Lake St. Louis,'" making La Salle's period clearer. Bradley's "The Fight with France for North America" is merely a popular volume but a conscientious piece of work. These are the principal works of the

year, and none of them can be described as "monumental."

Among the books of 1900 that have added to our store of knowledge concerning later Canadian history are: Another volume of Lieut.-Colonel Cruickshanks' "Documentary History," Mrs. Currie's "Laura Secord," Lieut.-Colonel Denison's "Soldiering in Canada," and Robertson's "History of Freemasonry," all worthy of more than passing mention.

There is also a review and digest of the books of 1900, and articles which

can be classed under "Geography, Economics and Statistics," "Archæology, Ethnology and Folklore," and "Education and Bibliography." In the latter section is an admirable biographical sketch of the late Sir Daniel Wilson, with a list of his published works. In the latter is one omission at least. In 1854 there was published by the Nelsons of London and Edinburgh, a volume by this distinguished scholar entitled "Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate," but there is no mention of this in the list.

ECONOMICS IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

By Prof. J. E. LeRossignol.

THE educational world is passing through a period of trouble, unrest and doubt. Time was when the old classical and mathematical curriculum was an authority of undoubted validity, an infallible guide, an accepted standard. The pedagogical creed of those days was brief and simple. Teachers could find rest and peace in believing it. The fundamentals were established. Pedagogical thought concerned itself not so much with subjects to be taught as with methods of teaching them. Authority prescribed the former, custom the latter, and between the authority of custom and the custom of authority there was little room for the anarchy of doubt.

But in all things there is a spirit of change, for all things live and move, and nothing can remain forever the same. Times and customs change. The old order passes away. The whole world is in a state of unstable equilibrium. Though it may seem to rest, it is ever plunging along towards an unknown goal. Therefore it is that pedagogical creeds and customs must sooner or later be called in question.

It is not merely educational methods that are subjected to criticism, but cur-

ricula and ideals as well. Hardly any educational question can be regarded as settled. There is no universally acknowledged authority. Doubt and uncertainty prevail. It is generally admitted that present conditions are unsatisfactory, but there is no agreement concerning proposals for reform. Meanwhile educators are striving after something more permanent, and through darkness and confusion are groping towards every glimmering light, every promise of better things.

Hence the existence of the so-called fads, and their enthusiastic promoters. They are the heralds of reform, the precursors of change, the outriders of progress. Like the early birds in spring they will be followed by more of the same kind. Teachers and pupils have suffered many things at their hands, and they are likely to suffer many more. They are tired of experiments, weary of continual change, and ask to be let alone. But it is not possible to let them alone. They cannot be allowed to rest in peace. If we ask when shall come the happy time when the wicked shall cease from troubling and the weary be at rest, we can only answer that this time will never come,

* The author is at present on the staff of Colorado University, but was born and educated in Canada.—EDITOR.

raphy, chæology," and "In the biology Daniel established mission established Edinburgh. Distinguished well and to men-

and that we should be unhappy if it did come. There is no prospect of ever reaching an absolute and final ideal. As in ascending mountains one peak rises above another, so, in the pursuit of ideals, the summit attained only brings to view more distant heights.

Already three great groups of studies have secured recognition and standing among the modern aristocracy of studies, the language group, the mathematical group, and the natural science group. A fourth group demands recognition, and claims to be at least of equal importance with the other three. This is the group of the political and social sciences, including history, political science, economics, psychology, and ethics. If to these four groups we add a fifth, the study of the fine arts or "music," in the ancient meaning of that word, we have a practically complete list of the studies necessary to a liberal education, as distinguished from those which are required in technical preparation for various trades and professions.

Without attempting to fix the place and order of language and mathematics in the course of common school and high school studies, we may safely say that nature study and the study of art might well begin in the lowest grades, but that the serious study of political and social science should begin at some time during the high school course. Before the period of adolescence the child takes very little interest in social or political questions, but at that time his social consciousness is awakened, he begins to think, to dream, and to be susceptible to the influence of ideals, political, social, ethical and religious. At this time it is possible to awaken interests that may continue throughout life, but if the opportunities then presented be neglected and passed by, it is more than probable that such awakening in many cases will never take place. If, then, the thoughts of the rising generation are even to be directed towards the consideration of political and social questions, it is in the high school that the work must be begun.

Economics is only one of a group of studies, but it is by no means the least in importance. It is intimately connected with the welfare of the individual and of society at large. As the science which investigates the relation of mankind to material wealth, it must command the attention of those who think that food, and clothing, and shelter and a few other necessities, together with some luxuries, contribute not a little to the happiness of mankind. The creation and use of wealth is not the supreme end of human activity, but it is an end of great importance in itself, and the means whereby the attainment of higher ends is rendered possible.

But whether for good or ill, it remains a fact that human beings in obedience to the primeval command, have set themselves to the task of subduing the earth and having dominion over it, and to that end they have organized themselves into industrial and political groups. To both of these groups practically every individual belongs, and one object of primary and secondary education is to prepare school children to take their places in the industrial and political schools of life. The boys, at least, will be active members of both of these groups. They will be men of business on the one hand and citizens on the other.

That the study of economics is, or might be, of great value to business men will hardly be denied. A scientific study of the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth must surely be useful to men engaged in that very production and distribution. The fact that many business men have in the past been ignorant of economic principles does not indicate that such ignorance was other than a defect and a misfortune. The health of the business world has always been more or less precarious. Disease and death have been all too common. It is reasonable to expect that a scientific study of the industrial organism will prevent some of the deaths and cure some of the diseases. In business life every man is his own doctor, and, therefore,

every man needs for himself a knowledge of the scientific principles which he daily puts in practice.

But lest it should be claimed that the study of economics is not one of the essentials of a liberal education, but rather a technical branch of study, like book-keeping and commercial arithmetic, it is well to take the higher ground and to claim that no education is liberal which does not produce intelligent, capable, instructed and virtuous citizens, and that the study of economics is essential to that end. More is required than a knowledge of economics alone. The study of history, civil government and ethics, are also of great importance. In laying stress upon the utility of economics, it is not necessary to forget the claims of other subjects.

The citizen, to be a good citizen, must take an interest in public affairs. But nearly every public question is to a greater or less extent a question of economics. To show that such is the case, it is only necessary to mention the tariff, the money question, banking, reform, monopolies, agriculture, mining, fisheries, education, pauperism, crime or any other matter of public interest and political concern. In the discussion and settlement of these questions economic principles are applied or misapplied with most telling effect, and if there is any connection between good government and public welfare, then there is a similar connection and relation between good citizenship and the science of economics.

Under a democratic form of government, the final decision of public questions rests with the citizens, who express their opinions by means of votes. If possible, then, all citizens should have an expert knowledge of economic science. But this is now, and always will be, impossible. Therefore the public at large ought to have the good sense to leave the decision of public questions in the hands of specialists. The necessities of modern life demand specialists in every line of work. Formerly it was thought that every

barber could be a surgeon, every carpenter an architect, every church member a theologian, every stump orator a statesman. Now we have trained surgeons, scientific architects, learned theologians, one and all specially trained and prepared for the work they pretend to do. Only statesmen require no preliminary training. They are born not made, and any successful lawyer, any keen-minded merchant, any prosperous farmer, is thought well-fitted to direct the affairs of the nation.

Until we have special colleges for the training of legislators and civil servants, according to the suggestion of Plato more than two thousand years ago, we must make use of our high schools and colleges as best we can. The graduates of these institutions ought to be leaders in every sphere of life, and the courses of study should be such as to prepare them in the best possible way for the work to which they are called.

There is every reason to think that the people will not be slow to perceive the superior fitness of men thus trained, and will be willing to be guided and directed by them. People are like sheep, only too glad to follow their leaders. If they cannot find good leaders they will follow bad leaders, but follow they must. Nor are they totally unable to discriminate and distinguish the good from the bad. It is quite possible for them to have sufficient common sense and enough knowledge of economics and kindred subjects to be conscious of their own ignorance, and to enable them to select leaders whom they can trust. But if we introduce the study of economics into our high schools, we may expect that the pupils will become interested in the subject, and that by a process of diffusion their knowledge and interest will spread to others. In this way ideas now in the minds of few will become the common property of all, and thereby the science itself will be advanced and great economists will be produced by a people interested in economic subjects. Thus have the musical Germans produced the greatest of composers, and the Scottish

people, trained to think by a study of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, have produced theologians and philosophers without number.

When we come to the practical questions concerning the place of economics in the high school curriculum, the time to be devoted to the study of it, and the methods of teaching the subject, we have little experience to use as a guide. Methods of teaching languages and mathematics are well understood. They are the product of centuries of pedagogical experience. The science of economics is an infant of days. It has only begun to be taught in the schools. It must make its own way. If it be found profitable, it will in time take its place in the aristocracy of studies. If not it will not be allowed to cumber the ground.

Meanwhile the experiment should be tried in a small way. The best results can be obtained in the last year of the high school course, with pupils whose minds are sufficiently mature to grasp the elements of a difficult subject. That such pupils are quite able to profit by instruction in economics has been shown by the successful work that has been done in some schools in the United States.

Economics can be taught by means of lectures and conversations, or by the use of a text-book, or in connection with the study of history and geography, or in all of these ways, combined with direct observation of the economic facts of daily life. It is a subject so closely connected with daily life that illustrations are never lacking and interest can easily be sustained.

But it is not sufficient to show that economics is a very useful subject for study, and that it can be successfully taught. It has often been asserted, and with reason, that a liberal education does not consist in knowledge, but in the power to think. The end and aim of a high school course is not the production of encyclopædic minds, of attic rooms stored with dry and lifeless facts, but of minds alert, trained to think, able to attack the problems of life and

to work out their solution. Not knowledge, but power, is the ideal. The curriculum is over-crowded with subjects. It is full of languages and mathematics, with a modicum of natural science as well. These are the subjects best fitted to develop the latent powers of the human mind. It is true they do not supply the mind with such facts as can often be used in daily life, but they prepare the mind to perceive, to discriminate and to reason, and thus make it ready to think on all and sundry subjects as occasion may demand. Education is a process of drawing out, not of putting in. For purposes of training, verbal and mathematical discipline is the best that can be given. If we are trained in the use of words and signs and symbols, in after life we shall be able to substitute for these all manner of ideas and thereby arrive at correct results. Thought is one. Mental training need only be formal, not material. The mental process whereby I unite the head and tail of a German verb is the same as that whereby I learn to carry on business, to direct military operations, to preach a sermon, to make a diagnosis, to prepare a brief.

There is truth in this argument, but like all half-truths it involves an insidious fallacy. Mental training is the end of education, but that end cannot be attained without the aid of facts. The mind cannot work *in vacuo*. It must have ideas as the material of thought. And it matters very much what these ideas are. Ideas have characteristics of their own. They move about in the mind in ways of their own. One set of ideas has one way of being thought, and another set must be thought in another way. There are laws of thought, but they must be adapted and modified to suit the laws of things. Verbal and symbolic thought is only slightly applicable to the real world. The study of words and signs should follow and not precede the knowledge of things. To invert the natural order is to try to conform things to forms, rather than to make forms agree with things. But

things refused to be conformed. Hence the perplexity of the scholar thrown out into the world of men and things. Therefore the student on leaving school is obliged to cast aside his scholastic methods, and to adopt, often with difficulty and pain, a new and more real way of seeing and thinking.

Why not make the school a mirror of daily life? Why not use, for purposes of training, ideas and methods similar to those found in the real world? Why not teach language in connection with the study of things, and formal mathematics in the same way? Language and mathematics would then take their places as secondary and subordinate studies, as means to ends, not as ends in themselves, leaving the chief place in the curriculum to the study of man and of the world in which he lives.

In such a curriculum economics would have an important place. It has been claimed that minds trained in language and mathematics are able, if they wish, to pick up all the economics they need in after life without any preliminary training or direction. This can hardly be a correct theory, since the facts do not agree with it. Men of affairs, as a rule, have neither time nor patience to pursue an elementary course in such a subject as economics. If they pay attention to it at all their reading is desultory and their conclusions one-sided. They become socialists or individualists, rabid free-traders or extreme protectionists, violent advocates of free silver or bigoted defenders of the gold standard, or anything and everything that is not sane and sober and impartial. They lack a rudimentary grounding as a foundation for future work. The school should supply this foundation, and the after-life the superstructure.

It is not denied that the study of economics is sufficiently difficult for purposes of mental training, but it is claimed that it is not sufficiently exact. Economics, it is said, is not a science. All its problems are unsettled. There is no scientific demonstration, no unanimity of opinion, and consequently

nothing definite to teach or to learn, but only vain disputations to perplex the student's mind with the mere appearance of truth, where truth is not to be found.

In these statements there is enough of truth to make them plausible, but no more than that. Economics is not an exact science like geometry, but it is a science and a demonstrative science. Many facts are known, many laws have been discovered, many generalizations have been made, many clear demonstrations have been worked out, many effects have been traced to their causes. It is true that the science is yet in its infancy, that great problems are as yet unsolved, and that in the working out of minor problems it is often hard to be sure that the right solution has been obtained. A set of ten problems in arithmetic will have only ten correct answers, while ten problems in economics will have ten or more probable answers. I do not see but that the discovery of a probable solution may give the student as good mental discipline as the working out of an exact mathematical answer. In fact, the problems of life are not susceptible of exact mathematical solution. They admit of only a partial solution, and the answers are at best only probable. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to say that the mental training to be obtained from thinking out an economic problem is the sort of training that best fits a student for solving the complex and difficult problems of life. And it is not necessary that all economic problems should be solved. If the student has learned that these problems exist, if he has been obliged to think upon them and to think hard, if he has come to realize their extreme difficulty, his studies in economics have not been in vain.

It has been said that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. It might be asked in reply, how much knowledge can we safely possess? Where are we to draw the line between complete ignorance and infallibility, between the fool and the philosopher,

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between the peasant and the Pope? This line it is impossible to draw. No longer do we keep the people in darkness lest they should stumble and fall while learning to see. We allow them to play with edged tools until they learn how to use them. A few accidents do not prevent the progress of the world. Since we have discarded infallibility and divine right we can only trust the feeble intellect we possess and believe that more knowledge is better than less knowledge, and little knowledge is better than none at all. Once having eaten of the tree of knowledge, our only safety consists in eating more of the same fruit.

In free democratic countries such as Canada and the United States there is a serious objection to the study of economics, which is based, not on pedagogical, but on political grounds. Just as Roman Catholics are unwilling that Protestant theology should be taught in the public schools, and just as many Protestant sects would have no religion taught at all rather than the doctrines of this or that opposing sect, so one political party is unwilling that the economic doctrines of a rival party should be taught in the schools.

In the United States there are two great questions which thus divide public opinion. These are the money question and the question concerning the respective merits of protection and free trade. In Canada the latter is the only economic question of this sort. For advocating the free coinage of silver the president of an eastern university was constrained to resign his position. For defending the gold standard a college professor in a western state is said to have had a similar fate. The cases were few in both east and west. I have yet to hear of any such trouble because of heretical teaching on the subject of protection in either east or west. In the vast majority of cases teachers of economics have been allowed to express their opinions on these and all other economic questions without let or hindrance.

But no doubt they are prudent and

non-committal, and find it convenient as well as equitable to present both sides of these difficult and many-sided questions. That it is possible to teach these subjects without offence to one side or the other can hardly be doubted by any student of economics. But if this be impossible it would be better to omit the discussion of such questions altogether rather than to allow the science as a whole to be neglected because of one or two matters of dispute wherein conflict of interests prevents unanimity of opinion.

But if anyone should say that the scientific study of economics tends to establish the views of protectionists or free traders or free-silver advocates, on one side or the other of any great public question, and fearing investigation should oppose the introduction of the study into the schools on such grounds as these, then I will plainly say that such a person is placing party prejudice and local interests before the welfare of the public at large, and can be little better than a defender of ignorance and a blind leader of the blind.

It is common to hear political pessimists say that democratic government is a failure, that the electors are ignorant, the politicians corrupt, the statesmen mere weather-vanes, the administration wasteful, the whole head sick and the whole heart faint. In short, the body politic is afflicted with an incurable disease. It is not necessary to take so gloomy a view of the situation. It is well that the diagnosis is so accurate. The disease is known, and the patient is yet alive. The cure is also known, and consists of unremitting doses of knowledge and virtue, both teachable and both indispensable to a successful result. But concentrated, sustained and heroic efforts on the part of all the vital forces in the political organism will be necessary to eradicate the disease and restore the patient to health. The public school is one of these vital forces, and in a struggle like this it cannot afford to stand aside.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by
Mrs. Willoughby Gummings

"WHERE are you going this summer?" is a question that seems to be as much in season just now as skipping
OUR SUMMER OUTING. ropes, marbles and house-cleaning. Some

people have settled the matter already and packed their trunks, or are preparing to pack their trunks and fly off to Europe by one of the big liners. Those, however, are of course, principally the persons of leisure and means, and not the great mass of us to whom a summer trip means much planning and forethought both as to time and expenditure. I hope, however, that the opportunity which will await us at our very doors this summer of combining much pleasure with a considerable amount of information will be taken advantage of by all who can do so, and that the grown-ups will realize the value of the same for their boys and girls, and will take them with them to the Pan-American Exposition. Who that went to the Great White City in Chicago in 1893 has ever ceased to be thankful, and who does not realize more and more what their sojourn there did for them in the acquirement of actual knowledge, in the broadening of their horizon, and in the deepening of their artistic perceptions as they dream of it all again, and bring to mind the beauty of those summer nights on the Lagoons, or the loveliness of the place when touched with the early morning sunlight. "The first week I spent here," said a woman to me one day, as we were strolling through the big Arts and Manufactures building, "simply impressed me with my great ignorance about every country under the sun, and things in general, but ever since then I feel as if I was imbibing infor-

mation through the pores, and at every breath."

As its name implies, the extent of the coming Exposition will be limited to the Western world, but a moment's thought will convince anyone that conditions differ so absolutely in the many countries and nations and peoples, that the word "Pan-American" covers, that there will be much variety and freshness, and a wealth of new material to create and sustain interest. To many of us Central America, for example, is a *terra incognita*, while our practical knowledge of life and conditions in the various parts of South America is not much greater, to be quite honest, than was that of the nephew of "Charlie's Aunt," who knew that Brazil was the country "where the nuts grow." Through the kindness of the President of the Woman's Board in connection with the Exposition a quantity of interesting information has been sent to me, some of which I gladly pass on.

From the photographs I have seen of the buildings and grounds we shall revel in beauty on all sides, for there will be artificial lakes, a grand canal over a mile in length, groups of statuary, a court of fountains, rose gardens, sunken gardens with their rich arrangement of fountains and flowers, flowering shrubs, fine trees and lawns, and above all the many stately Exhibition buildings, all of which are covered with staffs decorated in harmonious tints, with much carving and sculpture. But great as will be the beauty of the scene by day, it can hardly rival that of the night, when no less than 200,000 electric lamps will illuminate the courts of the Exposition. Coloured lights playing on the fountains will turn the place into fairyland.

Besides the huge Exposition buildings there will be several others very attractive in appearance, which have been erected by the several States, and which will again remind us of World's Fair days, and of many pleasant, restful hours when we enjoyed the hospitality of "Ohio," "Florida," and "Virginia" in particular. Our own Canadian headquarters will be far more attractive in appearance and comfort than "Canada" was at Chicago, for which we will be thankful.

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There is to be a Woman's Building, of course, but in this case it will contain no exhibits, for the work of women will be shown with that of men, and all will be judged on their methods alone, for this plan in these days commends itself to all thoughtful people. Nevertheless, the Woman's Building will have a great attraction for visitors to the Exposition, for within its walls will be held a series of congresses and conferences of women workers, which in turn will deal with the many and varied phases of occupation and interests with which womanhood is concerned. The house was formerly the home of the Country Club, and it has been enlarged and improved at a good deal of expense, so that it is now an exceedingly attractive place. The entrance hall is spacious and contains a wide fireplace. There is a good-sized dining-room, tea rooms, and a large reading-room on the ground floor where will be plenty of papers and magazines for the use of visitors, and which will be used also at times for entertainments. On the ground floor also are the offices of the Woman's Board. Upstairs are some attractive resting rooms and dressing rooms, and a large apartment facing the Amherst gate where the conventions and congresses will be held. The furnishing of the house is very artistic, and is light and summery in style, and its situation is delightful, for it is apart from the main buildings, and is near the Park Lake with its great electric fountain, and on the east it faces the rose gardens.

I have said that the work of men and women will be shown and judged together, but as there are some styles of work, such as embroidery, lace work, leather work, fine metal work, and the like, which are done almost exclusively by women, it has been decided to place in the Manufactures Building a very limited member of collective exhibits, representative of the very choicest work only, that women are doing in the Americas. This exhibit will be in charge of the Applied Arts Committee of the Woman's Board, who have arranged to include in one item of expense, attendance, cases, and the care of an exhibit. The cost per square foot of space occupied will be, approximately, five dollars if an article is shown in the floor cases, and two dollars per square foot if shown in wall cases, with the exception of special locations in each case, which will be treated separately. No exhibit occupying less than two square feet will be accepted. The awards will consist of gold, silver and bronze medals, and honourable mention. If any woman wishes for further information on this point I am requested to direct her to apply to Miss Marian DeForest, 568 Ellicott Square, Buffalo.

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Can a woman go to the Exposition alone? I have been asked. Certainly, if she is unable to get some chum to go with her. For the special accommodation of ladies who will be travelling alone, the Woman's Christian Association of Buffalo will have a Lodge, a new building containing 144 comfortable rooms, near the main entrance to the Exposition. Their charges will be reasonable, and, if desired, a light breakfast may also be had in the building, while the other meals can be had on the grounds. From my personal experience in Chicago, I may say that it is possible for women to live very comfortably in this way at a moderate expense. What to wear, you ask? A silk shirt-waist and a trim, well-fitting, light-weight bicycle skirt if you want to be comfortable and happy—and the

less luggage you take with you the better for your peace of mind and also for your pocket.

The following Conventions of Women's Societies will be held in Buffalo during the Exposition:—

Federation of Women's Literary and Educational Organizations of Western New York, June 7th and 8th. Daughters of the American Revolution Day, June 14th. National League of Women Workers, August 27th, 28th, 29th, and 30th. International Press Union, either September 4th or 5th. National Council of Women of the United States, Sept. 11, 12, and 13. National Consumers' League Mass Meeting, September 30th. New York State Federation of Women's Clubs, October 8th, 9th and 10th. National Household Economic Association, October 16th, 17th, and 18th. National Association of Collegiate Alumnae, Oct. 24th, 25th and 26th. A series of meetings for trained nurses will begin on Monday, September 16th. The American Society of Superintendents will have a business meeting September 16th. The National Associated Alumnae of the United States will hold its business sessions from Oct. 17th to the 21st. The National Congress of Nurses will open Wednesday, continuing through Friday, September 20th. Wells' College Day, June 18th. Wellesley College Day, July 2nd. National Woman's Suffrage Association of America, September 9 and 10.

The Annual Meeting of the National Council of Women of Canada will be held in London beginning WOMEN'S WORK. on the 16th of this month and lasting for a week. As usual the programme will be very varied and very interesting, and will touch upon many of the most important matters with which women are concerned. Domestic Science, or Household Economics, Women in Agriculture, A Plea for Greater Simplicity in Home Life, The Care of the Aged and Infirm Poor,

Women on Boards of Education, and of Institutions where Women and Children are Cared for, and Girls' Clubs, are some of the topics to be considered. As usual, also, the time will not be wholly devoted to work, for already several pleasant social affairs have been arranged by the hospitable people of London, and the delegates who will go there from the Atlantic and from the Pacific are sure beforehand of a most enjoyable visit. As President of the London Social Council, Mrs. Boomer has her hands already more than full with the many preliminary arrangements.

Annual meetings are in the air just now—not literally, of course, but figuratively. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church will meet this year in Toronto for several days, beginning May 7th, and delegates will be present from all parts of the country—some 300 being expected, so it is said. The many local societies for doing charitable work in the various cities are also holding annual meetings, as one sees by the daily press. Whether it is better to hold these meetings at the close of the season's work, or whether the interest then aroused would be more sustained and would be more likely to be of lasting value were they to be held in October at the beginning of the season is a debatable point on which I will be glad to get the opinion of other workers.

E. C.

THE SONG OF THE SKIRT.

(*From London Truth.*)

With fingers weary and cramped
And a wrist that was stiff with pain,
A lady walked, in a Paris gown,
Down Bond street, in the rain.
Splash, splash, splash,
Through puddle and slush and dirt,
And half to herself, in a sobbing tone,
She sang this "Song of the Skirt":

"For fashion's sake," she moaned,
"Full many a cross bear we;
Like abject slaves we bow
To her every new decree.

But of all the cruel modes
With which we women are cursed
Our walking-gown with its trailing train,
Methinks is by far the worst.

" Sweep, sweep, sweep,
Where the waste of the street lies thick;
Sweep, sweep, sweep,
However our path we pick,
Dust, bacillus and germ,
Germ, bacillus and dust,
Till we shudder and turn from the sorry sight
With a gesture of disgust."

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EXCUSED!

(From "The Smart Set.")

I've waited your coming long and late,
And saved myself for our tête-a-tête—
'Tis rudeness to let a lady wait,
O Mr. Affinity !

Mamma is worried, and heaves a sigh,
And poor papa has an anxious eye.
Where are you, I wonder ? and why so shy,
O Mr. Affinity ?

Who knows but maybe a wind-swept curl,
A moonlit night or a waltz's whirl
Led you to propose to some other girl !
O Mr. Affinity .

Ah, well, no matter; remain with her,
And accept my congratulations, sir !
You're not the man that I thought you were,
O Mr. Affinity .

And—well last night, when the world went dim,
I found myself in the arms of Jim—
And so I promised to marry him,
O Mr. Affinity !

ETHEL M. KELLEY.

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UNPAID WORKERS.

In the business world when one hears of a person working without remuneration, a certain suspicion is attached to such conduct. When it is at home, in religious or charitable societies, and the worker a woman, we say, " How good and unselfish she is," and allow her to go on. Her reward ? Well, really isn't that her affair ? Perhaps hardly as much as we fancy.

There's Marietta, for instance. She is not very well off, but one of your workers, quick, alert and up-to-date. Always busy, she is perpetually being

asked to do more, for she can generally contrive to finish tasks which less-occupied women have only time to begin. Any society she belongs to saves money by her labour ; her friends all say so, and even her enemies don't contradict them.

Marietta is very proud of the fact, justly, too, in some ways. It isn't every woman who has her brains, good management and health ; if they had, of course the institutions she works for would scarcely have any need for existence. I am not sure, though, that after all she is doing as much good as if she made these institutions pay for her services, and wasn't treated so much like a relation at home. If charity vitiates those who are able to work for themselves, what will its effect be on homes and institutions which go on the principle of getting as much work as they can out of certain people ? Isn't it possible that they may be actually crippled in their ultimate usefulness by driving the willing horse ? Haven't you noticed that non-workers are frequently found sitting in the seat of the scorner and critic ? Of course if some persons prefer remaining with folded hands in the societies to which they belong, they should be allowed the privilege, if they pay extra for it.

Societies, not to mention some homes, may occasionally have no souls, but they usually have pocket-books, so why should they refuse to pay Marietta for her work ? Is it to their credit that they benefit by her generosity ? Are not the societies that distribute the work and taxes on all the members in the best position to meet the demands upon them ?

The greatest obstacle in the way of a woman's success at home and abroad is the widespread belief that her time is not particularly valuable, and even where she has proved the contrary, a conservative world still dubs it feminine, and hardly worth a man's reward. It hasn't always been a desire to leave home (although the so-called home of an unmarried woman is often a good place to leave) that has made women turn their attention to a labour market

once considered masculine, but because a man's work was generally more remunerative and promised greater independence than that formerly looked upon as purely feminine.

Those who are working for the advancement of their sex, complain that women themselves do not help them as much as they might. The reasons are many and varied, largely perhaps because the movement is shrouded in vagueness, and some of the methods employed in accomplishing it are unacceptable to the large number of our wives and daughters who are satisfied with their surroundings and possibilities. Again, everyone is not sure that the privileges sought for would benefit mankind at large. I think, however, there is a common ground on which all women might strive to help each other, and it is in raising the standard of women's work. This might be done by every woman who employs female labour, and those who work themselves, insisting that work whether for bazaars,

shops, in offices or the household should be paid for its *value*, neither less nor more, and in refusing to accept so much work from women for nothing, both in our homes and societies.

Where is the family that hasn't a Marietta; the society that hasn't thriven largely on her energy? Sometimes, too, when her time is the only thing she has to give away, and she ought to be using it in making provision for her old age. Now, a money standard for everything sounds extremely sordid, but as a test of value it is a good one; and the principle of getting all you can for nothing both in family life and in societies tends in the direction of over activity on the part of some of the members and inaction on the part of others, and to the sorrow and destruction of many households. Those who drive the hard-working Marietta may also find that, as a direct result of being an unpaid worker, she has developed into a high-handed mistress who cannot be shaken off.

J. M. Loes.

BEFORE SPRING.

WOULD it were not a dream, but Springtime really here—

Not only these tender skies misty with dove-like blue,

Not only this vernal air breaking the heart of the year,

And this magic hint and whisper, old and yet ever new—

Ah, not only these, but the sound of wakened streams,

The brown birds wild with song, the maples, blossomed fair,

Silver catkin-flags a-wave where the river gleams,

And the deep, deep woods rejoicing—and my hand in yours, Hilaire!

Elisabeth Roberts MacDonald.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by John A. Ewan

THE Spanish-American war, the South African war and Russia's menacing attitude in Manchuria are curiously connected, and even if we admit the inevitableness of any or all of these events they, nevertheless, involve not only evils in themselves but also threaten to be the occasion of evils in others. In judging the part played by the United States towards Spain, it would be quite unfair to exclude from consideration the provocations which impelled the American people into war. For years Spain had been endeavouring to suppress a rebellion in Cuba. The struggle on both sides had degenerated into a series of barbarous reprisals. When a Spanish soldier fell into the hands of the insurgents he was treated as the Apaches treat their enemies, and the Spanish soldiery indulged in equal horrors when in turn they laid hands on an insurgent. The capstone of this iniquitous warfare was Gen. Weyler's reconcentrado policy. It was not inherently cruel, but either the lack of means or the lack of humanity on the part of the general turned it into a vast engine of suffering, which awakened the intense indignation of the American people when they got to know of it.

There was perhaps some exaggeration in the reports which found their way to the American press, but the stories which the camera told to all who had eyes could scarcely be falsified. I had the opportunity of hearing the story of a young Canadian who was in Havana during the period of the enforcement of the reconcentrado policy. He was a witness implicitly to be trusted, and his testimony is conclusive that not alone did women and children starve to death, but that some of them actually died in the public streets with

hundreds of people passing and viewing their death agonies.

Had such events been transpiring at our door we would have been stirred just as the people of the United States were stirred—just as Englishmen were stirred by the relation of the Armenian massacres. While this indignation was at its hottest, the blowing-up of the *Maine* carried the nation off its feet. There was no proof that this event was anything more than an accident, but a breath of wind was all that was needed to convert the glow of public indignation into a blaze. The war followed, with the seizure and retention of Porto Rico and the Philippines as sequences, the latter proceeding placing the great Republic in the ungracious position of the oppressor of a spirited native race which had long struggled for its liberties.

On the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, Great Britain took a



THE BEAR: "Um, yum, yum."

—The St. Paul Pioneer Press.



QUITE AT HOME

BRITISH AND GERMAN ALLIES : "Hi! What are you doing there?"

RUSSIAN COSSACK : "I'm the man in possession! Are you going to turn me out?"

BOTH (hesitatingly) : "N—n—no. No. We only asked."

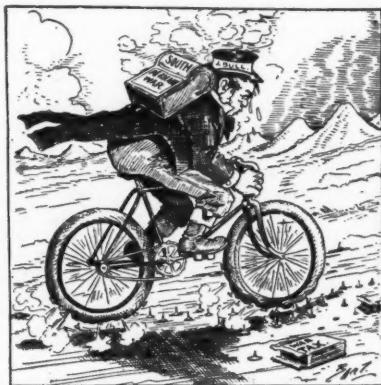
RUSSIAN COSSACK : "Then now you know."

[Goes on smoking.] —Punch.

firm position of neutrality, and intimated very plainly that all other Powers ought to do likewise. It has been satisfactorily established, indeed, that Lord Salisbury firmly repressed a disposition to interfere on the part of a combination of the European Powers. Was it prescience? It certainly anticipated a state of affairs that followed hard upon the conquest of Cuba. For with what consistency could the United States, which had declared war on a neighbour, interfere in the South African war on behalf of states which had themselves declared war? There can be no question that a general and outspoken objection to the war on the part of the people of the United States would have been a greater obstruction to the war party in England than the hostile opinion of the rest of the world besides, just as a view adverse to the Spanish-American war throughout the United Kingdom would have been a considerable moral force on the side of Spain.

On the part of both peoples there is a disposition to sympathise with the under dog, so long as the said dog is not under them. Spain and the Boer republics forfeited a great deal of this natural feeling, the one by appearing in the character of a cruel oppressor; the other by the light-heartedness and confidence with which they rushed into war. Thus the two leaders of civilization have been an example and justification to each other—an evil example to each other say some critics. At all events, both nations came out of their respective struggles with the spoils of conquest in their hands, and in a position to have their motives questioned by ill-natured spectators. For if a man goes into another's house in order to stop him from beating his children he is liable, if he emerges with the silver spoons, to have his humanity suspected, even though he has succeeded in his ostensible task.

At all events we can scarcely be surprised if such nations as Russia treat the humanity plea rather disrespectfully and merely regard the proceedings of the last two or three years as a series of incidents by which the United States and Great Britain have made considerable accessions to their terri-



A QUICK FINISH NEEDED.

JOHN BULL : "I 'ope I'll get there soon or my blasted machine will give out."

—*The Minneapolis Journal.*

ries. Russia, at least, is acting in Manchuria apparently on the principle that it is her turn now. We will have other Powers taking Russia's seizures as warrant for theirs and so the game of aggrandizement will go on in ever-widening circles.

Where is it going to stop? The trend towards amalgamation, which is so marked in the business world, seems to have its counterpart in the political world. The first impulse in this latter direction may be traced back to Napoleon. Whatever the conscious scope of his policy was, the actual effect of it was to increase the size and decrease the number of the states of Europe. Before his time there are said to have been some 400 persons exercising sovereign powers on the continent. The German states alone supplied almost 300 of them. Italy was a dismembered reminder of former glories. The little Corsican's great hydraulic war-machine compressed these sprouting principalities into larger states, so that Italy became approximately unified, and the 300 German princelings were reduced to 30. So the process continued throughout. The Congress of Vienna restored the old conditions, but the peoples who had tasted unity never ceased to yearn for it, and the eventual consolidation of Italy and Germany may plausibly be traced back to the greatest of the Bonapartes.

Has the process stopped? Wide as the world is, four or five great Powers dominate its political interests, and are visibly assimilating its unappropriated lands. Half of Asia has been parcelled out amongst them. Africa has been swallowed wholly, each of the banqueters having got his mouthful. The isles of the sea have been appropriated. The Monroe doctrine alone prevents South America from seizure and partition. And when we look about we see that but five political entities are engaged in the process—Russia, Germany, France, Great Britain and the

United States. Some people are commencing to doubt whether France is in the first rank, but she can scarcely be disposed of while she retains one of the most fertile areas on the most fertile continent, possesses her present industrious, ingenious and patriotic population, and retains the alliance of the Colossus of the North. Austria, Italy and Spain are distinctly of secondary rank. The ruler of the former still retains the title of Emperor, by which he is supposed to preserve, historically at least, the powers and terrors of the Roman Cæsar, but they are now wholly historic. The smaller cluster of auton-



M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU
Premier of France

omous states on the north seem to but await some turn of the wheel to throw them willy-nilly into the overshadowing states by which they are surrounded, and to whom their position on the sea-coast renders them appetizing morsels. When these Leviathans have masticated everything that is in sight, we may hope that the torpidity and calm which follows satiety will ensue.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau, after the severe labours connected with the passage of the associations bill, has gone to An-



M. DE WITTE
Russian Minister of Finance

tives to recuperate, and as Lord Salisbury is also seeking rest in the same region, the curious rumour has arisen that the two Premiers will have a quiet interview. The relations between the Powers on either side of the Channel are unquestionably more satisfactory now than they have been for the past two or three years. Fashoda and the Dreyfus case exasperated both. A single step in the wrong direction in the Fashoda affair would have had led to deplorable results. Even the press of the two countries are in a more conciliatory and rational mood, and on both sides of the Channel essays on the theme, "Why should we quarrel?" appear in the public prints. The answer on behalf of each of the parties is that there is no sane reason why the best of good feeling should not prevail. Even M. Mercier's academic discussions on how England might be invaded have not served to disturb in any material degree this tendency to return to civilized neighbourliness.

Perhaps the most exasperating cause of contention between the two coun-

tries is that with respect to the west shore of Newfoundland. The Newfoundland Legislature has renewed the modus vivendi, but declares that it will do so no more. A year soon passes in diplomatic annals, and we may be almost sure, therefore, that when the Legislature meets again the question will be in precisely the position that it is now, and its members will have to stultify themselves by renewing, "positively for the last time," the obnoxious agreement, or of refusing to do so and proceeding to extremities. What those extremities would be is not very clear. Certainly the French have no right to build lobster factories, and they could legitimately be dismantled. But if the pledged and recorded promise of George III, given with all the solemnity of an appendix to a treaty, is to be respected, the lobster factories of Newfoundlanders, the French will claim, are equally contrary to agreements.

Dr. E. J. Dillon contributes an article to the current *Contemporary Review* on M. Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance. M. Witte is of Dutch extraction, but is a scion of a noble Russian family. He has, nevertheless, practically fought his way up from the ranks. He began as administrator of railways, and to his success in that work is due his appointment to the Finance Ministry. He has no court arts, but is plain, direct and blunt to a degree. Dr. Dillon, while an admirer of M. Witte's career, says that he is neither a heaven-born genius nor an all-powerful Chancellor, although he believes it would be fortunate for Russia if he became its Chancellor. His influence with the Czar has been exaggerated. Russia is now passing through a severe commercial crisis, and the Minister's enemies blame him for it. The fact is, however, that M. Witte's offence in the eyes of these gentlemen is that he prophesied the approach of hard times, and advised the commercial classes to prepare for it. If Dr. Dillon's estimate is right M. Witte is a clear-eyed, far-sighted, courageous man.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THREE is one member of the British Government who is anti-imperialist, and the British people, apparently, have not yet

ANTI-IMPERIALIST. Mr. Chamberlain is aware of the circumstances, because one Canadian at least has written him a letter on the subject. However, Mr. Chamberlain does not seem anxious to expose this peculiar characteristic of his colleague the Postmaster-General. This anti-imperialist Minister of His Most Gracious Majesty shows his unwillingness to assist in the fusion of the Empire by refusing to allow British literature to be sent to the colonies at a reasonable rate. Every British magazine or periodical mailed to a colonist is taxed at the rate of eight cents a pound, a rate which is almost prohibitive.

Another evil follows. Because the British P.M.G. insists on this high rate, Canada's P.M.G. is forced to charge the same rate on periodicals and newspapers sent from this country to Great Britain. Thus, Canadian periodicals and newspapers are kept out of Great Britain and a double injury caused.

The British P.M.G. cannot plead ignorance of the effect of his tax. The Hon. Mr. Mulock, the Canadian P.M.G., called his attention to the matter three or four years ago. Mr. Hennicker Heaton, at the suggestion of certain Canadians, has pointed out the iniquity. He has been informed by Canadians in their private capacity as citizens of the Empire.

The consequence of this state of affairs is that the sale of British periodicals in Canada is steadily declining, while the sale of United States publications is steadily increasing; for the United States Government allows its periodicals and newspapers to be sent into Canada at one cent a pound, or

one-eighth of the British rate. It costs a New York publisher about twelve cents a year to mail his magazine or weekly paper to a Canadian subscriber, while a British publisher must pay ninety-six cents for the same privilege. It costs seventy-two cents a year to send THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to a British subscriber.

Attention is drawn to this subject in this strong language in order that public opinion may be informed and awakened. Here is an injustice which is worthy of the immediate attention of Lord Salisbury, of Mr. Chamberlain and of the British Empire League. We should have an exchange of periodicals and newspapers within the Empire at the domestic rate of each country or colony.

The Ontario Educational Association has asked for a modification of the public-school teaching of physiology and temperance. They recommend that the subject be changed to temperance and hygiene. Certainly the present teaching is farcical. There is little use instructing a boy that smoking is vicious and deadly, when he sees his father smoke at home every evening. So there is little to be gained by telling him that drinking is a sin against heaven and humanity, when he knows that his father drinks a glass of ale every night at dinner. The teaching so far in Ontario public schools has been decidedly nonsensical or worse. Scholars have been awarded prizes for essays on the harm done by smoking and drinking, when the scholars who wrote the essays knew that what they were writing was untrue in practice even if consonant with the theory which they had been taught. In other words, scholars have been

taught to lie and then have been praised and rewarded for their sophistry. This is a strong statement, but, in making it, I have the backing of many teachers and trustees with whom I have discussed the situation.

The *Toronto Star*, in an editorial on this kind of teaching, concludes:

"The danger we foresee in this practice of teaching children in the public schools all kinds of things not comprised in 'book-learning' is that parents who consider some things too important to be entrusted to strangers will begin withdrawing their children from public schools and sending them to private establishments, where they will not be taught to distrust their father's red face, nor to look when he lights a cigar for a shuffling in his gait and a weakening of his mind."

Very little is heard at present about young men deserting Canada for the United States. The exodus is now almost wholly confin-

A FORGOTTEN EXODUS. ed to a few Chinamen who object to paying the tax collected at

San Francisco on live animals of the pig-tail variety. No doubt a few of our young men are straying across to Uncle Sam, but then we cannot expect all our young men to be brainy. A few weak ones are not a great loss.

It is a positive pleasure to meditate upon this new state of affairs. There was a time when our meditations were of the Rachel variety. We are thankful that we have passed the Ramah period, and we have hope that our children shall come again to their own border. This is the day of joy for Canada. No springtime of the past century was filled with such brightness and hope as this the first spring of the new century. Even that famous spring season of 1867, when our fathers looked forward to the first day of July which should inaugurate the new Dominion of Canada, is equalled if not surpassed. Our population was never so large, nor so well employed. Our industries were never so numerous nor so prone to develop and multiply. Our governmental revenues were never so large, nor our governments so progressive. Capital was never so active

nor so plentiful. It is as if Providence had sent us the Jerusalem blessing: Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces.

The development of the pulp industry proceeds apace. The Ontario Government has concluded an agreement

with a company to

NEW PULP build a million-and-a-
INDUSTRIES. half-dollar pulp and
paper mill on Tunnel

Island, at the outlet of the Lake of the Woods. The Quebec Government has concluded a similar agreement with capitalists who will erect huge mills at the Grand Discharge of Lake St. John. Other companies in both Provinces are developing fast. Our exports of pulp and paper are growing with startling rapidity. Great Britain never heard of Canadian pulp until a few years ago, and now the paper-makers there declare it to be the best in the world. They want more of it. In another ten years our exports of pulp and paper will total up to millions of dollars in value.

It is gratifying, also, to know that recent explorations in Northern Ontario have shown the existence of a great spruce forest whose size passes all present powers of estimation. There are hundreds of square miles between the Canadian Pacific Railway and James' Bay, and some day that district will be dotted with paper-making villages.

Ontario and Quebec are making more progress in this direction than the Maritime Provinces. Nova Scotia sends its pulp to England to be made into paper, and then buys back the English product. There should be a large paper mill in the Maritime Provinces to supply the local market. The people by the sea must wake up to the necessity of developing this industry. They must not trust alone to the fickleness of the tourist, or the generosity of the Federal authorities towards a couple of harbours. If they lack capital they can easily get it in Toronto and Montreal. Mr. Moxham and Mr.

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Whitney found five millions for the steel industry of Cape Breton. A Maritime Province paper mill can get two millions inside of thirty days if the mill be properly located, and the provincial governments take a proper interest in the undertaking. The banks of Ontario and Quebec are full of money awaiting investment.



Ontario is a wealthy Province with two million inhabitants. Some thinking people have been considering whether or not the Province is spending

ONTARIO'S EXPENDITURES.

too much money.

It is just as reasonable that a province should consider this point as that an individual should examine his receipts and expenditures, and try to make up his mind as to the wisdom of his course. The Province spends money in three ways; through the municipalities, through the provincial government and through the federal government. Funds for the first are raised by direct taxation, and the amount is definitely ascertained. The second, or provincial fund, is raised from Crown lands, franchises, federal subsidy and other sources, and is likewise accurately known. The contribution to the federal treasury is not so easily ascertained, except through the Custom-house returns. Roughly estimated, the yearly expenditure in Ontario for government purposes is as follows:

ONTARIO'S ANNUAL EXPENDITURE.

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Municipal expenditure (1899)..... | \$12,535,000 |
| " debentures (additions) .. | 8,000,000 |
| Provincial Government..... | 4,000,000 |
| Dominion Government (Customs). 10,000,000 | |

\$34,535,000

This is a fairly heavy burden for two millions of people. There is also a fair prospect for increase in all the items. Under the circumstances, inquiry into the possibilities of retrenchment is eminently wise and opportune.



The most remarkable feature of the legislative record of the past few

months is the evidence of the change in attitude toward railway legislation.

RAILWAY REFORM.

Province of Manitoba has determined by a vote in its Legislature that it will keep itself in a position to control railway rates within its jurisdiction. It has done this by leasing all the lines of the Northern Pacific and re-leasing them under certain conditions to the Canada Northern, with almost absolute control of



This cartoon, published in the New York *Journal*, shows how government ownership is looked upon in the United States. The railway magnates are pictured getting the railroads into one bag, and Uncle Sam says:—

“That's right, boys. When you get everything into the bag, you can just hand it over to me.”

rates and a possibility of government ownership.

The Province of Ontario has announced that it may build a railway into the newer district, and retain the ownership of the same. In a charter granted to the Manitoulin and North Shore railway by the same Province, a number of new conditions have been inserted. The *Toronto World* summarizes these as follows:

A six million dollar railway constructed for two and a half million acres of at present commercially valueless free grant lands.



HIS LORDSHIP ARCHBISHOP BOND, OF MONTREAL, ELECTED METROPOLITAN OF CANADA AT A COUNCIL OF BISHOPS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN CANADA, HELD AT MONTREAL ON APRIL 15TH, 1901. HIS ECCLESIASTICAL PROVINCE INCLUDES ONTARIO AND EASTERN CANADA.

Government control of the rates.

Power of the Province to purchase within 15 years.

No monopoly of the running rights, the road to be available for Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and other trains.

The construction of a smelter with a 300-ton capacity.

The company to place one thousand settlers a year on the lands.

The land grants to alternate, in squares of township size, with Government land.

The company to throw in half the Dominion cash subsidy in case of Ontario buying the road.

The lands to be purchasable by the Province at 50 cents an acre.

The railway to be obtainable by the Province at a 6 per cent. annual interest advance on the construction cost.

A \$30,000 ferry service to be established from Little Current.

The company to pay the cost of both railway and land grant surveys.

The Province to retain the whole of the pine.

This is a wise move on the part of the Ontario authorities and one which deserves high commendation. Ontario requires many more miles of railway

before her newer districts are all opened up; and, therefore, an extravagant policy would be suicidal.

The Dominion Government in granting a charter for a railway from Collingwood to Toronto refused to give a bonus, and inserted a clause providing for possible Government ownership.

The Province of British Columbia will grant a bonus to a railway through the southern part, it announces, only on the condition that it have the control of rates and receive a yearly return of 4 per cent. of the gross revenues.

The Toronto *Globe* of March 16th commences an editorial with the words :

"Public opinion seems to be rapidly forming against the subsidizing of railways. We have given away a lot of money in this country for this purpose, and the conviction is growing that we have not got full returns for our outlays, and that the time has come to call a halt."

Mr. Willison, of the *Globe*, Mr. Maclean, M.P., of the *Toronto World*, and Mr. Richardson, M.P., of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, have been the leaders in this reform of public opinion, and are to be congratulated upon their success. Mr. Richardson's four articles in the last four issues of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* for 1900 were widely read, and are still eagerly sought after. Those of our rulers who have been quick to see this change in public thought are also to be congratulated. The day of the subsidy-hunter is almost past, never to return. Let the reformer take heart.

John A. Cooper.

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BOOK REVIEWS

IMPERIAL BRITAIN.

THOU shalt not speak disrespectfully of anything that is Imperial, may fairly be considered one of the new commandments. The literary critic, however, is a law unto himself, and entitled to risk life and limb in any cause that may appear a just and necessary one. To say, therefore, that Prof. Cramb is at once profound and prolix, analytical and hysterical, scholarly and scribaceous is to indicate that his book* is not meant for the plain, practical person who takes Imperialism as he does socialism or law reform or naval construction—a question of high policy to be determined rationally, soberly, and after careful thought. The author of this work, which we are glad to learn is published only in part now, appeals to a different class—those who regard Imperialism as a fetish, a philosophy, even a religion. Of such we must confess we are not, even if we risk our windows being broken by the angry crowd. Nor are Prof. Cramb's views on war those of the average civilian. War is a cruel necessity sometimes, but that it is glorious, inspiring, almost Divine is a theory which should be left to the soldier to expound. We who do not draw the sword ought to hesitate before glorifying those miseries and dangers which we are not obliged to share. To prevent misconception we may briefly define what we conceive to be the position of the rational Imperialist. The British Empire, surely, is a great and noble structure, partly due to the strenuous courage of our ancestors, the foresight of our statesmen, the insular strength of England and to those ad-

mirable institutions and love of liberty which in a democratic age endear British rule to many millions of people. Every act or every policy which created our Empire cannot be defended. But it exists, it is the greatest secular agency for good known to us and we intend to preserve it at all hazards believing that this may be done without offensive national boastings or menaces to the other empires that help to rule the world. The British Empire is not an English Empire or a Saxon Empire, although England is the predominant partner. Prof. Cramb admits the comprehensiveness of race, but his theory is not easily reconciled with many of his arguments. In short, we believe that Imperial Britain must justify itself in this twentieth century by its own merits (which are so numerous that the task is comparatively simple), not by amiable enthusiasm about destiny, an Imperial race or a Divine voice from Sinai.

SCOTLAND, 1745-1845.

It is by no means to the discredit of the Scotch that they took generations to reconcile themselves to the loss of their legislative independence, that they cherish a kind of sentimental attachment to the Jacobite legend, and that their religious squabbles during the last century and a half have tended to strengthen, and even to ennoble the national character. Sir Henry Craik* has compiled a very interesting work, and if we cannot always get his point of view and sympathize with his judgment of men and movements, we are able to recognize his honesty of purpose. It must appear to the impar-

* *Reflections on the Origin and Destiny of Imperial Britain.* By J. A. Cramb, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

**Scotland after the Union.* By Sir Henry Craik. Edinburgh: Blackwood's.

tial outsider that however successful Scotland was in preserving its national independence against the continual encroachments of a powerful neighbour, and however picturesque its early history is, the real greatness of the people is best exemplified by their achievements in quite modern days. The rebellions of 1715 and 1745 were due, probably, as Sir Henry Craik argues, as much to the bad judgment of the English Ministers as to conditions inherent in the situation of the Scotch and the intrigues and ambitions of the exiled Stuarts. The author devotes more space, perhaps, than was required to the rising of '45. From many aspects it was a brilliant campaign, and few can read of the last stand of the brave Highlanders at Culloden without a feeling that their exploits close one of the most gallant and picturesque episodes of history. Some have thought that if Charles Edward had pushed on with his army to London instead of retreating north from Derby the throne of the Guelphs might have fallen. But the theory is little less than fantastic. The attempt was foredoomed to failure. Bitterly the Scotch Jacobites paid for their brief dream of folly, and the story of the reconstruction period, the settling down of Scotland to the inevitable, is highly interesting. By turning to literature, to commerce, to husbandry, in a word, to all the arts of peace, the Scotch showed the stuff they were made of, and created the Scotland which now fills so creditable a place in modern national life. The politics of the country during the century under review are not, we must confess, of special importance, nor does the author, in spite of his evident earnestness in stating the Tory position, do much to command to us Lord Bute and Mr. Dundas. But the puzzled onlooker does really obtain some insight into the ecclesiastical complications of the country, and despite a perceptible bias in favour of the Established Church and the system of patronage, Sir Henry recites clearly enough the events that led up to the

Disruption of 1843. To this famous event he hardly does justice, for, little as men of other races and creeds can understand the fine distinctions which have split up the Scottish Presbyterians into separated bodies, they can easily see what strength of conviction, unselfishness and courage were exhibited by the founders of the Free Kirk. That episode, one feels almost sure, will be cited in remote ages to the undying honour of the Scotch, and no attempt to belittle or explain it away will have much success. Notwithstanding Sir Henry Craik's industry and knowledge, we still think there is room for a history of Scotland during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

THE ANCIENT WOOD.

A passion for writing stories about animals has broken out, and some delightful books it has produced. When the witchery which such writings as those of Mr. Seton-Thompson, Mr. Fraser and Mr. Roberts exercises over the imagination wears away, and we come back to dull, prosaic earth again, does not a suspicion strike you that animals are not exactly as civilized and fascinating as they appear in these pages, and that we have only been beguiled by *Æsop* in a modern dress? Be that as it may, the charm is there. It is a healthy reaction from the problem novel and the historical romance, and should be encouraged. Of Mr. Roberts' book* we can say in cold blood, and with no conscious effort at exaggeration, that it is altogether charming. A more captivating heroine than *Miranda*—does she not indeed rival Shakespeare's heroine in "*The Tempest*"?—we have not found in recent fiction. This pure, loving, fearless maiden, becoming in her gentle yet imperious attachment to all animals so familiar to them that even the wildest of them spare her life and pass her in the forest as one of themselves,

* *The Heart of An Ancient Wood*. By Chas. G. D. Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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is a very alluring picture. The poet's fancy is again and again exemplified in these bright pages. The artist, we must presume, knows his business, and it was needful to show Miranda against a background of Young Dave, the hunter. But he jars on one, nevertheless, and we could as easily resign Miranda to perpetual maidenhood as to the muscular arms of this commonplace young savage, with the drawl of a "Down Easter" and the instincts of a butcher. It breaks the spell, and this, after all, is what we must welcome, or a temptation to walk into the woods some day and shake hands with the nearest bear might overcome us. But many a day must elapse before we can quite forget the sorcery of this primordial existence drawn so cunningly by a master hand.

A ROMANCE OF COLONIZATION.

The early attempts to colonize Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh and other English adventurers of the sixteenth century teem with romance. A plain recital of fact, such as is so frequently set forth in the antiquarian records, is sufficient to make entertainment for the modern reader of fiction. In the novel entitled "John Vytal,"* Mr. Payson makes free use of the material which has survived to our day concerning the Roanoke colony, and its ill-fated members. It does not appear that he has taken great liberty with the facts as we know them. In the main the misfortunes of Governor John White's party are followed and the names of the chief persons are preserved. The author makes no parade of the historical basis for his story. In fact, in his preface he seems to claim that his explanation of what became of the Roanoke settlement is merely an effort of imagination. Yet it does not differ very widely from a commonly accepted opinion that the colony partly suffered massacre and were in part absorbed by intermarriage with an Indian tribe. At the urgent request of the Roanoke

colonists Governor White returned to England in 1587 to obtain fresh supplies and other necessities. His daughter Eleanor, married to Ananias Dare, one of his assistants, gave birth to the first white child born in Virginia and named her daughter after the colony. White was unable to return until two years later. He found the place deserted. He never saw his daughter and grandchild again. This is White's own account in his letter to Hakluyt in 1593. The only explanation of the disappearance of the Roanoke colonists is that given by Indians years after to the settlers at Jamestown—that they had intermixed with the natives and, except four men, two boys and a girl, had ultimately been killed. The survivors, protected by one of the chiefs of the Indians, were incorporated into the tribe, and the grey eyes which distinguished the Hatteras Indians from other natives are ascribed to their English progenitors. Mr. Payson has drawn for hero a certain John Vytal whom he supposes to have been left in charge of the colony on White's departure, and who is in love with Eleanor. The latter's husband, unworthy and a drunkard, perishes. Spanish emissaries help to attack the colony and finally—in the novel—Vytal and Eleanor and a few survivors settle down with friendly Indians. The author also introduces Christopher Marlowe, the dramatist who—without historical warrant—attaches himself for a time to the colony. The story is the result of some study of the period, is gracefully written, and intensely interesting as a record of Elizabethan manners and the exploits of the early colonizers.

GARDINER'S CROMWELL.

The news that Prof. S. R. Gardiner was recently stricken down by an attack of paralysis followed quickly upon the issue of the third volume of his *History of the Commonwealth*.* It is much to be hoped that the historian

* John Vytal, a tale of the Lost Colony. By Wm. F. Payson. Toronto : Wm. Briggs.

* *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*. By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, Vol. III. London : Longmans.

may live long enough—he is 72 years of age—to complete his able and impartial study of the political rule of the Puritan ascendancy. In this work, as in his other books dealing with the same period, the historian combines the qualities of adequate scholarship, a love of accuracy, and a telling literary style. The value of his study of the Cromwellian period is thus great. It cannot in time fail to correct the fallacies of those writers who, on the one hand, regard Cromwell as a compound of fanatic and hypocrite, or those who, on the other, picture him as a saint and a hero. The present volume brings the narrative down to within five or six years of the restoration of the monarchy. If the great conflict between King and Parliament was inevitable, as the struggles between extreme forces are often held to be, so was the restoration. We are apt to forget that the rule of the Cromwell party was as distasteful to those who lived under it as it would be to Englishmen living now. It was a military despotism, narrow, persecuting, inquisitorial, utterly hateful to the liberty-loving English. These pages indicate that clearly, although Prof. Gardiner never indulges in rhetorical generalization, but presents the record in an unbiased spirit after complete and impartial investigation. The authority of such historical work is deservedly high. Every great act of Cromwell is set forth with significance, his strength of foreign policy, his efforts to establish law and order, his desire to afford toleration to religious opinion at home. But as the creature of the army, the only weapon at his command, he failed to do more than bequeath to posterity a reputation for courage, intense conviction, and military skill. Sentiment and the admiration for strong leaders inherent in English character erect monuments to him. But the best political thought of to-day rejects the sword as a means to settle civil disputes, and denies to any religion, however pure and well-intentioned its advocates may be, an exclusive claim to speak as the only inspired

oracle of God. The views of Gardiner are those of a well-balanced intellect fortified by research. Those who prefer the qualifying spice of fiction in their historical reading will find it magnificently compounded in the brilliant pages of Macaulay or Froude. Like the melodrama of the modern stage it is impressive, and in the last degree entertaining, even inspiring. But it is not history.

A YANKEE IN ENGLAND.

By far the most striking characteristic of Hamlin Garland's new novel* is the comments of its hero—a young Western miner who visits England to find capital to work a mining venture—upon the people and institutions of the Old Country. The drollery of the Western vernacular doubtless enhances the humour. But in themselves his criticisms are shrewd and telling. We may suppose that they represent with some accuracy the feeling of a typical Western Yankee for the older civilization of Europe, and that they possess at least some bearing upon the future relations of the two countries when the "wild west" exerts a stronger influence on the policy of the United States. One can enjoy the handsome young miner's trenchant phrases without endorsing them, since there is always a refreshing frankness in the views of a member of a primitive society upon the dull conventionalities of a highly complicated system like that of England. If it were not that "Jim" is a likeable fellow in spite of his appalling conceit and ignorance, interest in his fortunes would wane when he returns to the mountains. But he manages to hold us in thrall to the very end, helped by a thrilling description of a trip up a mountain trail which really leaves one with little breath or patience for the orthodox sentimental windup. However, "Jim" on the peerage, Westminster Abbey, and the English railway trains imparts merit enough to one book.

* *Her Mountain Lover.* By Hamlin Garland. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

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LITERARY NOTES.

LAST October John Murray, one of England's most famous publishers, started "The Monthly Review," a monthly without advertisements. It was printed on the best paper, with an embossed blue and black cover of suitable character. The type was large and clear, and the general appearance most dignified. The first number did not contain the editor's name, but it is now known that Mr. Henry Newbolt fills the position. Each number was two and six, and the yearly subscription was placed at £1 10s.

In these days of keen competition among 10-cent and six-penny magazines, it might have been thought that such a publication would be doomed only to failure. No advertisements! Preposterous! But there appears to have been a sufficient number of people in Great Britain who were willing to buy such a dignified publication, and it is encouraging to know this.

A Canadian edition was prepared for G. N. Morang & Co., Toronto, and a large number of Canadians were discovered who will pay \$5 a year for a literary, political and scientific review. To indicate its characters some of the articles in April (No. 7) may be mentioned: The Civil Service and Reform, Sir Robert Hart on China, The Administration of Patriotic Funds, German Anglophobia, The Native Problem in Our New Colonies, The Distribution of British Ability, The Evolution of the Englishman, Reflections on the Art of Life. Besides, there are an illustrated exploration article and an instalment of Anthony Hope's new story, "Tristram of Blent."

A less ambitious review has been started at Ottawa. It is entitled "The Commonwealth," and January was Vol. I., No. 1. Mr. A. C. Campbell, Mr. John Lewis, Mr. George Johnson, Miss A. C. Laut, Mr. W. Wilfred Campbell,

Mr. W. D. LeSueur, Capt. C. F. Winter, and Prof. A. B. de Mille have been the leading contributors so far. "The Commonwealth" is only a dollar a year and is certainly worth the money. R. J. Jemmett is the publisher, and Dr. Charles Morse, it is understood, is the editor.

Another Canadian publication is "Odds and Ends," a family literary magazine published by James Wallis & Son, Yarmouth, N.S. It is small but clever and bright, judging from March which is Vol. I., No. 1.

New literary publications have been appearing above the surface of this country at various and irregular periods during the past 150 years. Some have been published once, some twice, and many twelve times. The story of these would fill many dramatic pages of Canadian history. Part of the story will appear in the *June Canadian Magazine*. It is a continued story, for the process continues, and ever will so long as ambitions stir the human breast.

The "Prince Edward Island Magazine" is doing well. It deserves the generous support of the people of that province. It is more than worth its subscription price of 50 cents a year.

Mr. F. H. Clergue, the financial king of Northern Ontario, has made two public addresses, one on each side of the line. Both have been printed in pamphlet form and are worth securing. They show the spirit of the man, and also indicate to the thoughtful reader the differences between the enterprise that is successful and that which is not.

The April "Smart Set" (New York), contains a pretty little story by Mrs. H. A. Keays, whose portrait recently appeared in these pages. Canadian

women writers are steadily coming to the front.

John A. Copland, of the Harriston *Tribune*, has written, printed and published several stories. His latest is "A Meteor King." If Mr. Copland knew the value of the words which any man may use without money and without price he would not say, in speaking of Richard III, that his "career had been distorted by the majority of historians." The story

study. "Queen's Quarterly" is undoubtedly the best University publication in Canada. Prof. Cappon, in "Current Events," deals with Mark Twain in his new role as a writer of serious articles, pointing out that he was a great thinker when he was a joker, but now that he has taken to writing articles about wars and empires the same compliment does not seem applicable.

The second specimen number of "The Russian Journal of Financial Statistics," published by W. Kirshbaum at twenty-three Millionnaia, St. Petersburg, is a valuable volume. It contains more than 700 large pages of matter dealing with the railways, joint-stock companies, iron and coal industries, etc., of that great Empire. One very interesting feature is the evidence of the great amount of British capital invested there, especially in the oil industry. The next number of this publication will appear January, 1902.



MRS. VIRNA SHEARD

itself is a fair conceit, showing the author to have imagination.

The Alumni Conference number of the "Queen's Quarterly" contains some valuable papers. "The Outlook in Philosophy," by Prof. John Watson; "The Function of Journalism in Democracy," by J. S. Willison; and "Legislation and Morality," by Prof. Adam Shortt, are all worthy of close

The "Anglo-American Magazine" (New York), reprints in its April issue two amusing letters from the New York *Times* on the present day French-Canadian. The first writer inclines to the idea that the French-Canadian is superstitious, averse to taking baths, and unable to speak good French. The second declares they are no more superstitious than Americans, that they are as cleanly as other people, and that their French is purer than what is spoken by the provincials of France. The second letter mentions Messrs. Sulte, Frechette and Cremazie, and spells their names thus: Salte, Fréchetti and Cremagie. This letter also states that Laval University is the greatest university on the continent. The writer seems to be better informed when speaking of the French-Canadians in the New England States. He says: "During the last thirty years they have founded parishes and a complete educational system, where they maintain the national traditions and continue to speak the language of

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their country. They readily become citizens and are steadily invading the threshold of several legislatures. Rhode Island elected a French-Canadian Lieutenant-Governor two or three years ago. They seem to be rather too progressive, and have already deserved the thunderbolts of the American Protective Association."

Clifford's Smith's new story, "A Daughter of Patricians," which has just been issued in Canada by the Publishers' Syndicate, has been attracting some attention in London, where it is published by Unwin. The critics are praising it highly and pointing out its bearing on the peculiar marriage laws of Quebec. Mr. Unwin feels that it will make a good drama, and he has arranged with Mr. Ernest Bodington, of New York, for the dramatization. It will be a decided novelty to see St. Anne de Beaupré and Montreal on the stage. The novel itself will also appear shortly in the United States, Fenco & Co. having arranged for that market.

Among the newest set of Canadian writers, one of the most promising is Virna Sheard, whose six-part story, "A Maid of Many Moods," commences in this issue. Mrs. Sheard has been writing only five years, but has done some clever work. Herself the mother of several children, she has an intimate knowledge of children and their ways. This she embodied to some extent in "Trevelyan's Little Daughters," published in New York and Toronto in 1890. She has also a deep sympathy with young people in their early struggles. This is evident in "A Maid of Many Moods," and an unfinished story of a medical student, to be called "Fortune's Hill." Mrs. Sheard's husband is a professor in a Toronto medical college, and Mrs. Sheard has had many opportunities of coming in contact with the struggling medical student. "The Lily of London Bridge," a two-part story, was published in an

American magazine and in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Short stories and poems by this writer have appeared in the *St. Nicholas*, Christmas *Mail and Empire*, Christmas *Globe*, Christmas *Saturday Night*, *Massey's Magazine*, *Chicago Courier*, *Canadian Home Journal*, etc. Mrs. Sheard is a keen and enthusiastic student of people and history. She writes only when the mood seizes her and never attempts to force her production. Writing is her pleasure rather than her vocation. Her imagination is strong and her creative faculty fairly well developed. Many of her admirers will be much disappointed if she does not some day produce something which will eventually become a classic.

The Historical Pub. Co., of 36 St. James Ave., Toronto, will issue in October a reprint of Major Richardson's "The War of 1812," with Notes by A. C. Casselman.

The original edition of "the War of 1812," by Major John Richardson, has become one of the rarest of Canadian books. It is nearly unobtainable at any price. Recently it has not been offered for sale; but some years ago it was catalogued in London, England, by one bookseller for £10 10s., and by another for £50.

Accordingly the time seems opportune for another edition of this valuable and authentic work, which will be an accurate reprint of the original edition printed at Brockville, Ontario, in 1842. The book will be divided into chapters, and explanatory and biographical notes, and a full index added. The numerous portraits, maps and plans will add very much to the value of the book.

Major Richardson was a native of Upper Canada, and enlisted in the Canadian army at Amherstburg. He was a soldier of the small army that opposed General Hull's invasion of Canada, and was present when that General surrendered his army, the Fort of Detroit and the State of Michigan to General Brock.



IDLE MOMENTS



KAFFIR TELEGRAPHY.

THE battle of Majuba Hill was fought on February 27th, 1881. Pietermaritzburg is, as nearly as possible, 150 miles from Majuba. Yet the native servants of officers quartered in that garrison town heard the news of the battle and told their masters of the result within ten hours, and long before any official telegraphic information came through.

Again, the total defeat of the Zulus at Ulundi, in 1879, was heard of by the natives at a distance of 270 miles within twelve hours.

How was it done?

Many explanations have been offered, but none of them are entirely satisfactory. Perhaps the most plausible explanation for the rapid transmission of news is the following: The various Kaffir languages, particularly that spoken by the Zulus, have very many broad, open vowels. The "a" is pronounced as in father. Such words as "amba gashle" (go carefully), "Ikona mali" (no money), "hamba kaya" (go home), are all words that carry far. The natives are said to shout to one another from hilltop to hilltop, and these long-drawn-out vowels can be heard for immense distances. The extremely rarefied air of the high veldt also helps the sound to travel; and a chain of natives being arranged, one on each hilltop, four or five miles apart, the message flies from one to another with amazing rapidity.

Another explanation, which seems less likely, although many old residents among natives declare that it is true, is the tapping of an outcrop of ironstone or other magnetic mineral with a succession of light blows, after the manner of the Morse alphabet. These, it is said, can be heard along the whole length of the outcrop, even if the reef dives underground for miles and then reappears on the surface. The recipient places his ear on the stone and receives the impression of

the taps over a distance of many miles.

When there is a stream of running water it is known to be possible to convey sounds along the surface over a considerable length thereof. But this would hardly be applicable to the South African natives' methods, as the streams through the veldt flow only for a few months in the summer, and then only intermittently, after thunderstorms; for the rest of the year they are practically dry beds of sand and rock.

Whatever their method may be, it has been proved over and over again that natives get news of any great event, reported accurately and succinctly, long before it has flashed across the telegraphic wires.—*London Mail.*

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THE SLEEPING-CAR TUMBLER.

(From the *Toronto Star.*)

Have you loitered in the smoking-room
Of a palace sleeping car,
Keeping tab upon the water-tank,
As you smoke your last cigar?
Have you observed the tumbler?
Has it occurred to you,
The many different uses
That people put it to?

Here's a fellow with a colic,
His face is pale and drawn,
Pours paregoric in it,
You hope his pain is gone.
Next comes a bilious drummer,
Who at the tumbler halts
And fills the vessel blithely
With a slug of Epsom Salts.

He's followed by a person
With the customary whim
That a seidlitz powder nightly
Is just the thing for him;
And, on his heels, comes some one
Who fancies "something hot,"
And takes a swig of Radway
To touch the chilly spot.

One takes a morphine tablet,
Which the tumbler has to drown;
And another drinks a bumper
To help a blue pill down;
One mixes up a gargle
(We would all this were bosh !)
Another gives his mouth a bath,
And then his teeth a wash.

*The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

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One fills his fountain pen thereat ;
 Another, then and there,
 Takes a bottle from his pocket—
 A mixture for the hair—
 He puts a spoonful in the glass,
 A thousand miles from home,
 At sixty miles or more an hour,
 He makes his own sea-foam.

And twenty-seven other men
 At various stages try
 To send themselves to bye-bye
 With a thimbleful of rye.
 And just as many other chaps—
 You may count them if you watch—
 Will use that willing tumbler
 For a thimbleful of Scotch.

You may talk of golden beakers,
 You may boast of pewter mugs ;
 You may chortle over tankards,
 You may dream of silver jugs,
 But there's not a drinking vessel
 In restaurant or bar
 That's in it with the tumbler
 Of a palace sleeping-car.

—H. F. G.

THE CHILDREN.

(Selected.)

A Sunday-school Superintendent who always conducts the lesson review in his school, spends about five minutes in explaining the lesson, and then asks : "Now, has any one a question to ask ?" One Sunday he explained the lesson as usual, dwelling at length on its chief thoughts, and wound up with the usual question : "Now, has any one a question to ask ?" A member of the boys' junior class raised his hand. "Well, what is your question," asked the Superintendent. "Please, sir, are we going to have a picnic this summer ?"

The teacher of a Sunday-school class approached one little fellow who was present for the first time, and inquired his name, for the purpose of placing it on the roll. "Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie, for short ; but my maiden name is James."

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "Oh, Willie, Willie !" exclaimed his mother, deeply

shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy !" "Mamma," said Willie, washing the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody ?"

First Little Girl—Oh, you told a lie. You'll go to hell if you tell lies. Second Little Girl—Hell? Where's that? "What ! You a good Methodist and don't know where hell is ?" "No, I don't. They don't teach geography in our class."

ANECDOTES OLD AND NEW.

(Selected.)

Pat's Absent-Mindedness.—Three men, a barber, a bald-headed man and an Irishman, were travelling together. Not liking the looks of the place where they were to rest over night, they decided that one should keep watch while the other two slept. The barber was to take the first watch, the Irishman the second, and the bald-headed man the last. The barber amused himself by shaving the head of the sleeping Irishman, and promptly on the stroke of twelve, said : "Pat, wake up !" Pat, half awake, yawned, and passing his hand over his head said : "Holy Moses, he's gone and waked up the bald-headed man when he should have waked up me."

The Barber's Brave Boy.—A young officer one day went into a barber's shop, and, seeing only the boy there, thought to frighten him. Said he : "Boy, I want a shave, but be careful not to cut me. If you do," drawing his sword and laying it across his knees, "I shall put this through you." "Yes, sir," replied the boy, calmly, as he proceeded to his task, which he finished satisfactorily. "You are a good boy," said the officer, giving him a shilling. "But weren't you afraid ?" "Not at all, sir," said the boy. "But I should have done as I said if you had cut me." "You wouldn't, sir." "Why

not?" "Why, because if I had cut you at all I should have cut your bloomin' head off!"



The Scotch of It.—Nothing galls the natural pride of the true-blue Scotchman more than to have his country overlooked. A striking instance of this feeling is said to have occurred at the battle of Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, happened to be stationed near each other when the celebrated signal was given from Admiral Nelson's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty." "No a word aboot pur Scotland," dolefully remarked Donald. His friend cocked his eye and, turning to his companion, said: "Man, Donald, Scotland kens weel eneuch that nae son o' hers needs to be tellt to dae his duty. That's just a hint to the Englishers."



The Cardinal's Jest.—Cardinal Manning used to tell this amusing story of his publishers. He was a man who did not keep his own books in any great number on his private shelves, and so one day found it necessary to go to his publishers for a copy of his volume *Confidence in God*. To his surprise this conversation took place in the loudest voices between the front and back offices, the men calling to each other at the top of their lungs: "Say, you send up some of Manning's *Confidence in God*." "Can't do it. Manning's *Confidence in God* is all gone."



THE INDIAN AND WHISKEY.

"Yes," said the man in the far corner of the smoking compartment of the C.P.R. sleeper, "the Indian is very fond of whiskey. I remember

once being out with an exploring party in the foothills country. We were a long way from any village and had met very few Indians. Late in the afternoon we noticed two Indians come along the valley of the river. We met and exchanged greetings; when we were parting one of the Indians asked me if I had a bottle of whiskey to spare. I replied that I hadn't, telling him that I had only one bottle. He wanted that bottle and pleaded for it. I said 'No,' a half dozen times. Finally he offered me his saddle in exchange. I declined to be shaken in my determination. He added his beautiful hunting knife. Still I refused. Then he added his horse and offered all three. He thought that would bring me."

"Of course you gave it to him," remarked the quiet man with the meerschaum.

"Well, no, I didn't give it him. You see, that was the only one that I had. But it shows you how fond an Indian is of whiskey."



MINERAL WATER.

He was mayor of an Ontario town and a prospective M.P. He had come to Toronto and taken two friends to McConkey's to dine. The meal passed pleasantly. After they had eaten enough the waiter brought in the finger-bowls. The mayor watched his friends to see what this new feature meant. The friends, though ignorant, were discreet. They said nothing.

"What is this stuff?" said the impatient mayor.

"Darn if I know," replied one of the friends.

The mayor hesitated a moment and then decided to taste the crystal liquid.

"Well, I'll be blowed. This is a new game, serving mineral water at the end of a meal."

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PHOTO BY NOTMAN

FRONTISPICE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT, MONTREAL

THIS IS BY HEBERT, THE CANADIAN SCULPTOR, WHOSE WORK HAS CONTRIBUTED MUCH TO RAISING THE STANDARD OF NATIVE ART. MAISONNEUVE WAS THE FOUNDER OF MONTREAL